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THREE Negroes, charged with assault and murder of a 17-year-old white girl, were roasted to death by a mob at Kirvin, Texas. The first Negro burned is alleged to have confessed and implicated the other two, although even under torture they steadfastly denied their guilt. Before they were set afire, the three men were mutilated. This triple orgy, unique even in the annals of our South, where human beings are burned alive every year, took place in front of a church. Almost simultaneously, three hundred Americans, among them seventeen State governors, thirty mayors of large cities, some of them in the South, representatives of every important religious denomination, and many judges of State supreme courts, presented a petition to the United States Senate to pass the Dyer anti-lynching bill. Is more convincing evidence needed for such legislation than this recent Texas savagery, a horror unknown in the most primitive of the countries which we white men set up to govern?

JUST a tiny item in a French paper: "Poles formally annex Vilna." The American papers neglected it, and, after all, the Poles had controlled Vilna for so many months that the act seemed merely an unimportant formality. Yet it consummated one of the great failures of the League of Nations. In September, 1920, Poles and Lithuanians agreed to submit their claims upon Vilna to the mediation of the League. A month later Lithuania surrendered control of the city to delegates of the leading Powers of the League. Zellgowski, the Polish d'Annunzio, drove them out; Poland formally disavowed him, but Polish soldiers and civilians flooded the city. The League announced that it would send a League army but failed to do so. Instead it held elaborate parleys at Brussels and at Geneva to settle the case of Vilna. The Poles stayed on. The League drew up a treaty, and the Polish Government hesitated to reject it, but the Polish Parliament clamored for annexation. And finally Vilna was annexed. The Great Powers which finance Poland as well as the League would not coerce their spoiled child. Therein is revealed the tragic weakness of the so-called League of Nations. By the constitution of its Council it is inevitably the plaything of the great Powers. It is not a Parliament of Mankind. As an international secretariat, a bureau for the transaction of international business, it is a great forward step in international organization; but as a political league it is constitutionally condemned to perpetuate old hatreds and old alignments.

NO agreement between Irish factions can bring to life men killed in fratricidal conflict by those who had but yesterday been their comrades in an epic struggle for freedom from alien exploitation. Something of what the new Ireland might have meant to the world has been irretrievably lost in the rancorous bitterness of the last few months; something but by no means all. Just when friendly observers felt most despondent as to the outlook the real Irish passion for unity and for freedom from military domination of any sort reasserted itself. The truce between the rival factions has been fairly well observed and as we write there is likelihood of an agreement among the leaders which will command the support of the extremists who translated the violent words of the republican political leaders into more violent deeds. Generous-minded men everywhere will hope for the restoration of unity and peace as a result of sober second thought among the Irish factions.

ONE gets a vivid picture of the problems and poverty of India from reading the budget debates in the Legislative Assembly. In a country where the average per capita income is variously estimated at from $5 to $10 a year a deficit of $89,000,000 is a serious matter. It has led the Government to propose not only the new taxes on cotton goods—whose significance in relation to the Non-Cooperators' revival of hand-weaving we have previously discussed—but duties on machinery and greatly increased taxes on kerosene, matches, and salt. The Assembly, though representative only of the richer Indians, denounced these taxes—particularly that on salt—as unjust and oppressive toward the poor. But the bitterest opposition of the Indian legislators was to the military estimates, which call for over $190,000,000 at a time when the total estimated income, apart from new taxes, is only $310,000,000. One speaker after another ridiculed the claim that so large an army was necessary to protect India against the hill tribes or against "Russian intrigues" and affirmed that

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the size of the army only added to internal unrest. As a protest against military estimates which by law they may not alter, the Assembly refused to vote the new taxes. The Viceroy may, if he chooses, impose those taxes by decree, but to do so would be to drive the Indian Moderates into the arms of the Non-Cooperation movement.

INDIA is the chief source of the world's opium supply and the sale of opium is a government monopoly. Bearing these facts in mind there is encouragement in one passage in Sir Malcolm Hailey's budget speech:

> Our receipts from the sale of opium are now mainly derived from the direct supplies we make to foreign and colonial governments on the contracts now in force, and, except when new contracts are entered into, do not vary very much from year to year. Our revenue from the auction sales is, however, steadily dwindling and we do not expect more than half a crore from this source, making a total revenue inclusive of the revenue from excise opium of approximately 8 crores [$22,400,000]. . . . Clearly our customers in the Far East expect decreased consumption as a result of international action.

The lines along which such international action may take place are indicated in a plan recently drawn up by a commission of the League of Nations. It proposes a system of government certification of exports and imports in order to restrict the trade to medical necessities. Some such plan ought to be supported by all nations in and out of the League including our own. Sir John Jordan, British representative on the League's commission, rightly declared that British prestige was seriously injured by the continuing shipment of opium from India to Hongkong while pressure was being brought to bear upon China to cease growing it. Britain could single-handed do more than any other Power to end the whole business.

WU PEI-FU has driven Chang Tso-ling back into Manchuria. Chang was the hope of those who believed that China would be saved by a strong-man dictator. Wu is a military man with a record of service against the revolution in its early days. But most of the liberal elements of China are behind him and he is certainly independent of Japan. There are those in China who call him the candidate of the American business men. At any rate he represents in this crisis the tendency to federalism in China, and China's long history gives more reason to trust in federalism and decentralization than in dictatorship from Peking. Wu in office may try to be a strong man of the Chang type, but his victory strengthens the forces working to make that impossible.

AT last, the official reason for our seizure of Haiti! Former Secretary Lansing has "revealed" it in a letter to Senator McCormick. Mr. Lansing says:

> There was good reason to believe that in the years 1913-14 Germany was ready to go to great lengths to secure the exclusive customs control of Haiti and also to secure coaling stations at Mole St. Nicholas. . . . On the eve of the war . . . the U. S. S. Connecticut and the German cruiser Karlsruhe were both in the harbor at Port-au-Prince. On July 31, 1914, a number of boatloads of German sailors left the Karlsruhe and proceeded to the wharf where they landed. When half way down the wharf the Germans turned about, returned to their boats, and went back to the ship. . . . The Karlsruhe then sailed away."

So. In 1913-14 there was "good reason" to believe that the Germans were casting a longing eye on Haitian customs control, and in 1914 German sailors marched half way up the wharf and marched right back again. Just how does this justify our landing *one year later* in July, 1915, when Germany's fleet had been swept off the seas and she was engaged in a death grapple with the European Powers? How does it justify our imposition by military pressure of a treaty giving *us* complete military and financial control of all Haiti, not merely the customs; or forcing through a constitution designed to permit Americans to acquire land; or the seven-year regime of martial law? Mr. Lansing, whose statement is obviously intended as a substitute for his appearance before the Senatorial Committee, should be called for cross-examination.

IN *The Nation* for May 10 Henry G. Alsberg enumerated six demands upon Mexico, including American supervision of elections, exile of certain radicals, and preferential treatment of American property, which persons of the highest authority had told him our State Department had laid down as the price of recognition. Dispatches from Washington quote Mr. Hughes as indignantly denying that such demands were made and denouncing their publication as detrimental to the conduct of foreign affairs. *The Nation* cordially hopes that the reported demands were not made, but it is not satisfied by sweeping and unsupported denials from Washington. The record of official denial of events in Haiti and Santo Domingo which were later confirmed by the publication of official documents is too fresh. We stand upon Mr. Alsberg's statement in his article:

> The burden of proof is on our State Department; it should publish the entire correspondence, official and unofficial, with the republics to the south of us so that the American people may judge for themselves whether or not the charges made by responsible Mexicans are based on fact.

Mr. Hughes's own statement admits a desire to interfere in the regime of private property and in legislation and court action regarding private property in Mexico. It seems very possible that semi-official agents of the State Department have gone much further. Nor did Mr. Hughes venture to deny a word of Mr. Alsberg's charges of improper influence in Guatemala. More light, Mr. Hughes!

MR. BLAND of Indiana is chairman of the House Committee on Labor which has been investigating the coal strike. Having listened to the testimony and conferred with the President, Mr. Bland rose in his seat and introduced a bill proposing—what? Not a scheme for regulating the industry as a whole, not a commission to mediate in the strike, not a permanent fact-finding body, but a commission to obtain information whose life is limited to two years. The gentleman from Indiana added to this definite proposal some admirable comments on the unsocial stand of the operators and some suggestions not yet embodied in the form of a proposed law to stabilize the industry, check price-gouging, and discourage overdevelopment by economizing summer production. This he thinks can be done (1) by making a special summer freight rate on coal, and (2) by requiring the railroads which now consume one-third of the coal produced to buy and store their coal in summer. None of these suggestions can help in the present strike. About half the present consumption of coal (4,000,000 tons a week) is coming from non-union fields, and the other half from the accumulated reserves which, at this rate, will be exhausted about June 10. Then panic will succeed apathy. And before that date the kind of thing Mr. Blankenhorn describes in Pennsylvania may make

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other coal-fields the scene of civil war like West Virginia's. If we are to avoid that calamity it is time to think not only about efficiency in mining but about the human rights of the miners as against the property rights of the incompetent representatives of the absentee owners of the coal mines.

ACCORDING to the Democratic members of the Senate Finance Committee the proposed new tariff will cost the people of the United States between three and four billion dollars in higher prices, of which the Government will collect only a tithe in revenue. Why are we to pay this tax to manufacturers? Because, the Republicans claim, only so can American industry be restored to health. To prove their case they have taken figures of low cost of production, especially in Germany, which the Democrats now point out are old and misrepresent the present situation. Our markets are not flooded with foreign products; our imports in 1921 were only about 4 per cent of our total production and our exports were 7 per cent. We are told that without a higher tariff industries like the manufacture of hosiery and knit goods will be ruined. Yet the United States exported four times as much hosiery and knit goods as it imported. Who are the beneficiaries of these new duties? Not "infant industries" but some of the worst trusts in America. Senator Simmons quoted in debate a letter from a clothing salesman charging that the American Woolen Company had already raised its prices from 10 cents to 45 cents per yard in anticipation of the new tariff. This is the company which in 1919 made profits of 100 per cent under the present tariff and, having doubled its capital stock out of war profits, managed in 1921 to earn 8¾ per cent on this inflated capital. No wonder the Fair Tariff League has been assuring farmers that for every dollar the more fortunate of them will gain by the new tariff as producers they will lose five as consumers.

WE need changes both in the methods and the principles of admitting aliens to citizenship, but the bill now before Congress (introduced into the House by Mr. Johnson, into the Senate by Mr. Shortridge), indorsed by the Department of Labor, is devoid of the spirit essential to effective betterment; that is, of a friendly and sympathetic approach. In brief, the bill provides for the annual registration of aliens at five dollars each. Public-school teachers may be utilized as registrars, and the fees received are to be paid to approved public schools for the support of classes in citizenship. The required period of residence remains five years, but it is provided that no one shall be naturalized who believes in refusing to render military service when called upon by the government, or who cannot read and write the English language understandingly. The citizenship status of a husband does not affect that of his wife under the new bill. A woman who marries an American citizen, or whose husband becomes naturalized, does not thereby become a citizen. Undeniably there are good points in the bill, but its essential features and its underlying spirit are so bad that it deserves total rejection. The registration scheme is espionage and its connection with the schools is most dangerous. The annual fee of $5 is an unreasonable burden even for one who becomes a citizen after five years; for one who chooses to retain his old nationality it becomes a perpetual and outrageous class tax. Spying upon and mulcting a newcomer to this country will not make of him a friendly resident or a useful citizen.

HENRY P. DAVISON'S life was a sort of saga of the self-made man—the poor boy who came to New York with $40 in his pocket, could not find a job and went to Bridgeport, rose from bank messenger to bank president at 31 and partner in the great Morgan firm at 42, the man without a college education whom universities delighted to honor with LL.D.'s. And Davison was after all a bluff banker with an ideal, although that ideal was a limited class ideal. He combined with rare organizing ability a conception of *noblesse oblige*. His war-time stewardship of the Red Cross was a real administrative achievement, although his frank conception of the Red Cross as an active agent in attaining military victory was a direct and dangerous violation of the neutral position guaranteed the Red Cross by international agreement and an abandonment of its traditional motto: Humanity and Neutrality. His later conception of an international Red Cross league fighting disease and serving as a sort of virus against bolshevism was far above the Open Shop, "Americanization," and other sordid schemes with which some of his fellow-captains of industry sought to stem industrial unrest. With him passes one of the few real personalities in American banking.

THE censorship of books, assiduous as it is, has not become international. "Jurgen" is suppressed in the United States but promptly comes out in England and no one seems to mind; whereas D. H. Lawrence's "The Rainbow," which England could not endure, gets along well enough in the United States. In France no one worries any more about "Mademoiselle de Maupin" but it keeps the American police excited; as if in a gesture of reciprocity the editors of *Le Gaulois* have lately broken off the serial publication of "Winesburg, Ohio" which was appearing in a new French version. Ireland and France and the United States all figure in one curious whirligig of virtue: James Joyce writes "Ulysses," sees it suppressed in America, and finally brings it out in hospitable Paris. News comes that Whitman has been suppressed in Hungary as an "anarchist and communist writer" and that the great new edition of the memoirs of Casanova upon which scholars of several European countries are engaged will be expurgated at the insistence of both French and German publishers. The moral seems to be that before an author publishes a daring book he had better pick his country—and that he can never tell what country is the one to pick.

IF Shakespeare was mistaken in thinking that the real Bohemia had a sea coast, Henri Murger, whose centenary Paris is celebrating, was even more mistaken about the Bohemia of romance: he thought it really existed. Yet though the Latin Quarter about which he wrote in "Scènes de la Vie de Bohème" never *was*, it no less truly *is*—in his book, in "Trilby," in "La Bohème," in a thousand fancies of how gay and irresponsible life might be. His characters and their like are almost the merriest of the followers of folly, and the least obnoxious. They prove, moreover, that the making of fairy tales and the creation of beguiling legends are not lost arts. Fenimore Cooper's red men, it has been said, are members of an extinct race that never existed; only, they are not extinct; who does not know Uncas and Chingachgook? Neither are Rodolphe and Mimi extinct, or Trilby and Little Billee. They laugh and dance forever in the sunbeams of a pleasant dream.

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Bakhmetieff's Millions

IF the Government of the United States still recognized as the official representative of Germany the ambassador last appointed by the Kaiser's Government; if it allowed him to take funds loaned to the Kaiser and to use them for the purposes of luxurious living and private speculation, and for the overthrow of the present Government of the German Republic; if it refused to accept an ambassador appointed by the existing republican German Government but instead wrapped a cloak of diplomatic immunity around the Kaiser's appointee—if our Government should commit these ludicrous and unimaginable acts, it might conceivably equal its own behavior in regard to Mr. Boris Bakhmetieff. For four years and a half Mr. Bakhmetieff has been the ambassador of a government that does not exist, of a regime that is dead. He has had no one whom he could claim to represent but a handful of military adventurers and political émigrés—with no authority to appoint ambassadors—and himself. Yet our Government continues to recognize him; and in the past it has supported him with American money. Senator Borah has charged on the floor of the Senate that Mr. Bakhmetieff used part of the $187,729,750 paid to him by the Government of the United States to speculate in real estate in New York and Chicago. This sum, let us note, is money originally paid into the United States Treasury by the readers of this article and the other people of this country. It is our taxes that sent the privileged Mr. Boris Bakhmetieff and his retinue to Europe for the Peace Conference, our taxes that enabled Mr. Bakhmetieff to print carloads of paper rubles for his political friends in Russia, our taxes that backed Kolchak in his losing fight against the only real government in Russia—the Soviet Government.

Senator Borah has raised questions that must be answered: What is Mr. Bakhmetieff doing in the Russian Embassy at Washington? What has happened to our money? It might have been saved to us. We want to know more. A thorough investigation is needed—and after that a thorough airing. A House committee has reported on some of the uses of this money; a Senate report, presented by Senator Réed, has gone into the matter more fully. But the facts that have so far been brought out can be taken as little more than an invitation to further inquiry.

At the time of the Russian Bolshevik Revolution Mr. Bakhmetieff had to his credit approximately $56,000,000, deposited in the National City Bank of New York, part of a loan made to Russia for war purposes. This amount was subsequently increased by about $22,000,000 more American money, derived from the resale of rails and other supplies originally purchased in this country and from the chartering of Russian ships hired by the United States Shipping Board, the proceeds of which sales and charters might have been used to reduce his debt to us but were not. To all appearances this $78,000,000, covering a substantial part of the Russian obligations to America, has completely vanished. The Treasury Department holds a few certificates of indebtedness signed by Mr. Bakhmetieff and his aide, Mr. Ughet, long after the overthrow of the Kerensky Government. That is all.

Mr. Bakhmetieff and his apologists, when questioned about the disposition of these funds, reply that the money was used to recompense American war contractors who would have lost heavily by cancelation of agreements entered into with the Kerensky Government. But Mr. Bakhmetieff obviously acquired legal title to the supplies for which he paid, and, as we have seen, he resold a considerable part of them in this country. What did he do with the proceeds of these sales? All that can be said with certainty is that he did not apply them to reducing Russia's liabilities to the United States Treasury—which was the obvious and the only proper use for the money. Under similar circumstances the cannier British Government took over the Russian state property in England and credited its value to the reduction of the Russian debt. No such procedure was followed in this country. When Mr. Bakhmetieff sold the rails, and later when he leased ships to the United States Shipping Board he was allowed to pocket the profits of these transactions without making any effort to meet the interest or reduce the principal of the Russian debt to America.

Our State Department actually connived at this defrauding of the country. Mr. Bakhmetieff was not only permitted, he was encouraged to pay interest on Russian bond issues which had been floated through J. P. Morgan and Company while withholding payments which had fallen due on the Russian obligations held by the United States Government. On November 14, 1918, we find Mr. Bakhmetieff writing a regretful note to the Secretary of the Treasury, informing that official that he does not possess the cash to meet his interest obligations of $4,728,997.60; but on January 10, 1919, the interest due the private investors in the $50,000,000 worth of bonds floated through J. P. Morgan and Company was punctually paid after consultation with United States officials and with the written approval of the Secretary of State, Robert Lansing. Mr. Wilson himself, in a cable from Paris, approved this policy.

Nor did the United States Government take action to prevent misappropriation by Mr. Bakhmetieff of some of the supplies which had been purchased with the proceeds of the American credits. The money was loaned to buy supplies to fight Germany, but the supplies were sent to Kolchak, Denikin, and Yudenich, to wage war against the Bolsheviks. Frank L. Polk, Under Secretary of State, testifying before the House Committee on Expenditures on June 27, 1919, spoke of "property to the cost of probably between $25,000,000 and $50,000,000, which has been conserved for the Russian Government, and most of which has been shipped to Russia during recent months." The diversion of these supplies from their proper purpose conclusively invalidated any future claims which the American Government might have brought against the Soviet Government for the repayment of the Kerensky loan. No arbitration court in the world would hold the Soviet Government responsible for the repayment of money which was used, in part, in attempts to bring about its overthrow.

Mr. Bakhmetieff succeeded in having many other bills charged to the American taxpayer. A sum of $100,000 was appropriated for Mr. Bakhmetieff's expenses at the Peace Conference. Our State Department expressly authorized him to send abroad $25,000 of his American money to support the counter-revolutionary Russian legations in Belgium and Norway. Payment of $1,239,000 for printing paper money for one of the Russian counter-revolutionary

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governments is attested in a letter, written by former Secretary of State Lansing, dated November 7, 1919. The paper money never even left America; but the taxpayers' money is gone beyond all recalling.

Mr. Bakhmetieff attempts to show that not all of these items were paid for out of the pockets of the American people. He had, he declares, other funds at his disposal. But at most they totaled ten or twenty millions as against 178 millions received. And a debtor cannot escape his obligations by pleading that part of his assets are derived from other sources. So long as the debts which he owed the United States, or at least the interest on them, remained unpaid every dollar which Mr. Bakhmetieff spent in other directions may fairly be said to have come from the American people. This misuse of funds was so flagrant that the Treasury Department protested to the State Department, but the State Department, "for political considerations," insisted that Mr. Bakhmetieff be authorized to continue payments for current expenses, and for payment of interest to private bankers while defaulting on interest to the Government.

In one way or another all Americans are taxpayers. From sheer self-interest, if not from a sense of the inherent absurdity and indecency of the present situation, Senator Borah should be backed to the limit in his demand that Mr. Bakhmetieff be pulled out of his diplomatic safe deposit vault and made to explain and to deliver over certain things that do not belong to him—some American millions, a handsome residence, and, not least, the title of Ambassador.

The Diplomatic Smell of Oil

FOR a brief moment the clouds lifted at Genoa, and we glimpsed the underlying economic struggle. The talk of "Germany," of "Russia," of "France," of "England," and of their political spokesmen faded; instead the excited correspondents cabled columns about the "Royal Dutch," the "Shell," the "Anglo-Persian," and the "Standard Oil." The great oil companies assumed the center of the stage; the politicians appeared plainly as the puppets; for a day or two we were even permitted to read the names of the men who pull the strings.

The "Shell Transport" had negotiated a contract for exclusive sale of the Russian oil product. Or perhaps it was for only half the Russian oil; and perhaps the contract had been drawn up but not signed; or perhaps it had been signed in January. Accounts differed; open diplomacy does not yet apply to these fundamental negotiations. Everybody denied something or other; but the denials sometimes conflicted. Colonel H. W. Boyle, representing the Shell interests, admitted that he had just returned from Russia and the Caucasus, that he had negotiated with Krassin about oil in January, and that he had mentioned oil in casual conversations with Krassin at Genoa.

That was enough to set the world afire. Barthou was recalled to Paris; "Belgium," playing catspaw for "France," refused to accept the British draft of a joint note to Russia; and that British draft suddenly appeared in a sharp and sinister light. The abstract discussion of Russian recognition of property rights became concrete. An obscure phrase declaring that while foreign-owned properties must be returned to foreign owners wherever possible restitution was not compulsory in the event that "exploitation of property cannot be assured except by incorporating it in a general group" suddenly assumed form as meaning that the small Belgian and French holders of oil properties in the Caucasian fields would be squeezed out and the big British firms would get their property. Many innocent-sounding diplomatic phrases have some such meaning, but the public seldom learns what it is.

The whole world took part in the flurry. Mr. Teagle of the Standard Oil reported from Mexico City, where he had gone in his chase of oil, that he was unconcerned. Other correspondents suggested explanations; from Genoa came a report that the Standard Oil also had been "conversing" with Krassin; from Washington came a hint that during the Washington Conference the Standard Oil, no doubt itself concerned with world peace too, had patched up an agreement with the British oil interests. A study of the newspaper files tends to confirm the hint. It is long since we have heard that passionate controversy about the rights of mandated territories which began with the British arrest of a Standard Oil prospector in Palestine, which was continued in Mr. Colby's and Mr. Hughes's defense of the abstract principle of the open door in mandatory regions in general, but in Mesopotamia and in the neighborhood of the oil wells of Mosul in particular. Indeed we have read within a very few months that the Standard Oil had been granted exploring rights in Palestine, that it had made an agreement with the Anglo-Persian (which is controlled by the British Government) for joint development of Persia, and that it had completed a deal with Dutch interests (which are controlled by British) in Galicia. Apparently we Americans need feel no worry about Mr. Lloyd George's neat phrases. Our own Standard Oil has made satisfactory arrangements; the interests of "America," as the word is used in diplomatic phraseology, are safeguarded, and Mr. Hughes will not need to write more moral notes—not at this stage of the game at any rate.

Mr. Lloyd George labors on. The French balking at one point and the Russians at another, the prospect of agreement upon a form of recognition of Russian debts and Russian property-rights in return for diplomatic recognition of Russia seems, as we write, slight. The Russians need not worry. With the German treaty and the oil agreement they have given the western capitalists a thorough scare lest they be left out when the plums are distributed. Mr. Lloyd George will of course produce some European agreement to keep the peace (with sufficient exceptions to cover the circumstances) or concoct some other form of words with which to bring the Genoa jamboree to a grandstand conclusion. But the world has had one brief moment of insight that was worth the whole Conference. If only it would learn the lesson!

Oil—there is the axis of modern diplomacy. Oil—for that the British and French maintained the farcical "republic of Georgia," which the Bolsheviks overthrew and whose death Samuel Gompers so touchingly laments. Oil rules the fate of Mexico. Oil made the United States pay Colombia $25,000,000 reparation for the loss of Panama. By an agreement to grant pipe-lines across Syria the French bought British support in their campaign against the native king Feisal. Oil keeps the British in Mesopotamia. Oil makes frontiers, wars, peace. In the past coal and iron ruled; they are today fellow-rulers with oil. Future historians will find in the war of these economic powers the controlling forces of the world politics of our day.

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Mr. Beveridge's Choice

FORMER Senator Albert J. Beveridge has defeated Senator Harry S. New for the Republican nomination for Senator from Indiana. With hopeful unanimity the Democratic press sees in the result a stinging rebuke to the Administration. The thick and thin G. O. P. advocates dismiss it as a purely personal triumph; and the dissatisfied Republicans cheerfully discuss both alternatives. The net average of all these conjectures is zero; and if Mr. Beveridge defeats the Democratic nominee, ex-Governor Ralston, in November, zero will probably be the practical result of the contest in so far as the American people are concerned.

Yet Mr. Beveridge is an eminent American. As a man of letters, the author of one of the foremost American biographies of our day, as a really gifted orator, as an excellent lawyer, he would shine in a Senate which has few outstanding figures. Senator New, apart from personal charm, has nothing to recommend him for a public career. The warmest personal friend of President Harding in the Senate, he was, like the President, a machine-hack of mediocre type, whose whole political philosophy is summed up in "playing the game" of party loyalty and party spoilsmanship. His Senatorial career will leave as slight an impress, if that be possible, as Senator Harding's. In contrast, not only is Mr. Beveridge distinguished, but he is a man of character. He will follow, unless we greatly mistake him, the call of his conscience. But that his reentry into the Senate will give material aid and comfort to the brave handful who are fighting for liberalism and are progressively interpreting for the needs of the present the principles of old-fashioned Americanism, his recent utterances afford slender hope. To be sure he stood uncompromisingly for free speech and opposed the destruction of our most precious liberties throughout the war and after, when so many of his fellow jurists forgot what should have been a primary instinct, and recently he expressed himself vigorously against the "army of government spies," the vermin of which our body politic is not yet fumigated. But little else in his campaign indicates spiritual growth in the man who ten years ago wrote "The Invisible Government," who left the reactionary Republican party in disgust and was chairman of the Progressive National convention in 1912. His opposition to the farm bloc, his expressed horror of Federal operation of the railroads, his espousal of the sales tax along with his contention that even the present income taxes are burdensome to business, are what the most ardent stand-patter would desire.

Nevertheless, whatever his personal qualifications, Mr. Beveridge's victory over an opponent who campaigned solely on what he termed "the great achievements of the Harding Administration" and had its tacit support, must give some hope—one of those slender threads to which the mass of Americans must cling—of a revulsion of feeling against the present Administration. For "normalcy" is destined to follow "the new freedom" into the discard. Mr. Harding's "great achievement" to date has been a continuation of many of the most objectionable policies of his predecessor. Despite the most explicit campaign pledge, spontaneously given, he is perpetuating the policy of military despotism initiated under the Wilson Administration in Haiti and Santo Domingo. The United States has not entered the League of Nations by the front door; but we do not feel sure that as objectionable an alliance of the Great Powers has not been erected in the Four-Power Treaty. Promises for retrenchment have been honored in the breach. Whatever burdens have been taken off big business are being shifted to the mass of the people through the new tariff schedules. Instead of despots such as Palmer and Burleson we have Daugherty, whom scandal is steadily overtaking, and the appointment to a Federal collectorship of Nat Goldstein, confessed recipient of a $2,500 check from the Lowden campaign fund prior to the Chicago convention. "Deserving Democrats" or regular Republicans, by either name they smell as sweet. Credit for the one apparent achievement, the disarmament conference, belongs largely to Senator Borah, whom the President conspicuously slighted by not naming him as one of America's delegates. But even its results are, in the light of subsequent developments, of questionable value. Not only is it increasingly evident that battleships, where alone a real reduction was made, are held obsolete by naval experts, but the proposed economies are being offset by the vote—at the request of President Harding—of an 86,000-man navy and the probable vote of an 130,000-man army—one-third larger than before the war. The bonus raid on the Treasury, a shameless piece of political chicanery upon an already overburdened public, nearly completes the picture. With one exception. The early days of the Harding Administration gave hope of a new spirit of human kindness, of tolerance, of forgetfulness of the wounds and bitternesses of the past; that, too, is gone. The President, who has time for the Gish sisters, for Lord and Lady Astor, for Billy Sunday, for "Babe" Ruth, would not suffer the little children of the political prisoners to come near him. Publicity-seekers, he called them! The only comfort extended to these pathetic victims of war hysteria was the statement by Mr. Daugherty, the lawyer who got Mr. Morse out of prison, that "each case would be judged on its merits." If the genial kindliness imputed in his earlier days to the handshaking President ever existed, it has vanished. There is no interest in the hungry West Virginia miners; no human sympathy for the unemployed. Approved is the pound-of-flesh policy to struggling Mexico; approved the bullying of other and still weaker sister-states. Indeed, it is reported that it is Harding's ambition to go down in history as the President who established American domination in every country down to the Panama Canal.

Mr. Beveridge, now entering his final campaign for the Senate, is confronted with a choice like that of 1912. Will he ally himself with reaction, abdicating the finest impulses of a notable career; or will he frankly face the future and look toward a new political party that will meet the economic needs of the hour? There is little sign that he is awake to the choice before him; yet never have so few months made clear to so many Americans that the two old parties have ceased to serve. Before the memory of the most striking rebuke administered a political party in half a century has begun to fade, the counter-revulsion has set in. Back to the discredited Democracy? Can a squirrel escape by dashing from one side of his cage to the other? But there is the nucleus of a new leadership in the north end of the capitol in conjunction with which Albert J. Beveridge might make secure his place in the history some of whose greatest chapters he has so stirringly recorded.

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These United States—III

MISSISSIPPI: Heart of Dixie

By BEULAH AMIDON RATLIFF

The following article is the third of a series on the commonwealths that compose this republic, These United States. *The first, on Kansas, by William Allen White, and the second, on Maryland, by H. L. Mencken, were published in our issues of April 19 and May 3, respectively. The articles will probably appear in every other issue of* The Nation. *No attempt has been made to secure uniformity of treatment, but rather as widely varying points of view as possible. Some of the articles will be largely political, some economic, some purely descriptive of the people and some of the physical characteristics of given States; some may be deliberately fragmentary, others may attempt a complete survey; some will be censorious, others more favorable in their analysis. But it is hoped that the series will furnish an enlightening perspective of the America of today in the somewhat arbitrary terms of politico-geographic boundaries, and that it will be a valuable contribution to the new literature of national self-analysis. The writers who have already submitted articles differ considerably in political or economic attitude, in profession and mode of life. These articles reveal in consequence a gratifying divergence. Other "States" are in preparation. A still larger number is as yet unassigned.*

IT is hard, perhaps impossible, for a Northerner to understand Mississippi; that is, to realize its past, to accept its social and economic present, to feel at home living according to its standards, to face its future with hope and assurance. Though Mississippi has grown neurotic over its "war-time anguish," there is no doubt that the State suffered cruelly during the war and reconstruction. Except Virginia, no other State was the scene of so much actual fighting.

At the end of the war, the State debt, according to Attorney General Harris, was over $16,300,000. Prices rivaled the staggering quotations from Vienna and Moscow today: men's boots sold at $200 a pair at Natchez; a coat was priced at $350; flour, $50 a barrel; salt, $4 a pound; soap, 75 cents a cake. The State finances were hopelessly involved after several issues of railroad scrip, treasury notes, and State bonds. The repudiation of the huge debt incurred "in aid of the rebellion" complicated instead of simplifying the financial tangle. The fields had not been tilled for four years. The stock had died or been driven off to feed the armies. Buildings and fences had fallen into decay. Railroads and such highways as once existed had deteriorated till they were almost useless. Levees had been cut by both Union and Confederate armies and thousands of acres were flooded. According to the United States census of 1860 and the State census of 1866 the population had decreased 66,585; the decrease of the white population being 10,499, of the black population 56,146. (Famine and disease took such toll among the Negroes during the war and reconstruction that Governor Sharkey stated in 1866 that half the Negroes of the State had perished, and the race seemed doomed to early extinction.) Such schools as the State had possessed were utterly destroyed, and the printing presses had not fared much better. The economic system, in use since Colonial days, was scrapped, and the laborers wandered about the country, refusing to work under the belief that "Marse Linkum gwine gib ebry niggah fo'ty acres an' a mule ob his own." The State leaders who had survived the war were humiliated and uncertain.

History fails to record an instance of a victorious people dealing mercifully and patiently with their late enemies. The Federal Government made harsh and stupid blunders in meeting the problems of reconstruction. Both the presidential and the congressional reconstruction policies were hastily formed and tactlessly administered. Beaten, impoverished, weary, confused, the State was in no temper to accept calmly and judge on their merits the startling innovations of the victorious Northerners. To people reared in a society based on human slavery, and accepting that institution as the just and necessary foundation of economic life, it was sufficiently revolutionary to have their late property suddenly snatched away, without compensation, by an arbitrary law in the making of which they had had no voice. But in addition to this they were expected to accept their former slaves as voters, office-holders, and court witnesses—in short, to have their cattle transformed overnight into citizens.

Carpet-baggers, sufficiently clever and unscrupulous to exploit to the limit the disorganized condition of the State and the childish ignorance and egotism of the Negroes, made their disgraceful contribution to the misery of the situation. From the paralysis of utter panic, the Mississippians passed to a state of resentment, which culminated in the well-organized "Revolt of 1875." The carpet-baggers were driven out. Negro office-holders were unseated. White franchise was established. Mississippi had made a successful beginning in blotting out the odious Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth amendments from the life of the State.

The Mississippi of today bases its activity and its ideals on the rosy tradition of "befo' de wah." The "Revolt of '75" destroyed, as far as Mississippi was concerned, the fruits of the war: emancipation and Negro citizenship. Since then the effort has been to go on as though there had been no war. Slavery, of course, could not exist in name, but as far as possible the institution has been preserved in fact. Naturally, this effort has been more successful in remote country places than in the towns. Today there is a marked difference between "field niggers" and "town niggers."

Practically all plantations are divided into small farms of five to twenty-five acres, which are "let" to a Negro family for a "season" on the "tenant-farmer" plan. That is, the Negro and his family work the land, using the stock and tools of the landowner, pick the cotton and sell it, either to a cotton buyer, to a gin, or to the planter himself. The planter furnishes food and kerosene to his hands on credit, and advances small sums of money till the crop is sold. Then there is a "settlement," when the accumulated debt of the tenant is set off against the value of his crop (minus the rent for his land) and the cash balance due him is paid the tenant. Often the end of the season finds the Negro

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possessed of a debt instead of a balance. Then he must remain another season, to "work off his debt," or the planter may "sell" him to another planter, who pays the amount of the debt, in which case the Negro is bound to his new "boss" for the amount of the "purchase price."

The planter has numerous opportunities to profit under the "tenant-farmer" system:

1. The planter divides up his land to suit himself. The farm he "lets" as 20 acres may contain 20 acres, or it may contain 15 or 16 acres. Most planters "let" at least a fifth more land than they own.

2. Supplies are furnished the Negroes from the commissary, the plantation store. The planter fixes his own prices, does his own book-keeping, and adds 20 per cent to all accounts "for carrying."

3. The tenant must accept the planter's figures for the settlement. There is no tribunal to which he can appeal if he considers the settlement unjust. I heard a planter tell, with roars of laughter, that "Jeff done sued me fo' seven hunder' dollars after the settlement," elaborating on the tenant's "fine book-keeping," and "the smart Aleck lawyer" he got to file the suit. I inquired when the case would be tried. I was met with a stare of blank amazement, and then the indignant question: "Do you think there's a co't in Mississippi gwine entertain a nigger's suit against a white man? That there suit was throwed out o' co't mos' afore it got in."

4. Classing cotton takes a high degree of skill and intelligence. No plantation Negro is trained to class his own cotton. A planter, therefore, can buy the tenant's cotton at many grades below its real worth, selling it at its true value, and realizing a handsome profit on every bale.

Contracts for the coming season are made the first of each January. After a Negro has made his "contract" he is bound to his "boss" as completely as in slavery days. He cannot purchase supplies except at the commissary. He must not change employers or leave the plantation. If a Negro "runs away" the planter may pursue him, bring him back by force, punish him with a whipping, and stand over him with a gun to prevent another runaway. Various Southern writers have vehemently denied that planters ever whip their Negroes. I can only testify to what I have seen and heard. A Negro woman was once whipped in my hearing for quarreling with another Negress. "As crazy as a nigger woman getting a lickin'" was the simile used by a leading Greenville lawyer in my hearing. A neighbor asked a planter, in my presence, what had become of a certain Negro. The reply was:

> He run away. I never did figger out how. Lit out one night. I went after him and come up with him at R——'s. Owed me close to $400. I brought him back and whipped him till he couldn't stand up. Thought that would hold him a while. But the next morning he was gone. Never got a trace of him. I'd sure like to know how he got off. He couldn't stand up when I got through with him.

A friend once telephoned me: "We can't get in to play cards tonight. S—— had to give a nigger a whippin' today and it always makes him so nervous he can't do nothin' but go to bed."

The jovial, singing, courteous Negro of Southern plantations has passed away from Mississippi, if he ever existed outside fiction. Field-hands of the present are unbelievably slow and stupid. "Jes' sense enough to hold a plow and yell at a mule," a planter once described them to me, and the characterization is apt.

Their speech is so thick and mumbled it scarcely seems like human articulation. They are dull and surly, apparently without ambition or human affection. Nine field Negroes out of ten cannot tell you how old they are, where they were born, whether their parents are living, how often they have been married, or how many children they have. Their sex life is utterly bestial. Ask a piccaninny whose child he is, and he will reply, "Norah's boy" or "Kate's boy." Neither the child nor his mother could state his paternity.

In many country districts there are no schools for colored children. In the more progressive counties, like Warren, there is a term of five months for colored children, and in many of the schools, thanks to the Jeanes Fund, some form of industrial training has been introduced. Other counties have terms of ninety days a year for the Negro children. In all counties the country schools for blacks are wretchedly equipped—drafty little sheds, with plank benches, a chair or stool for the teacher, a few tattered, out-of-date books, a few cracked slates, no blackboards, no desks, no pens, pencils, or paper, no pictures, no music, and a teacher scarcely less illiterate than his scholars.

From the age of five or six the children go into the fields, "chopping" cotton with a hoe, or picking cotton. Cornbread, biscuits, molasses, rice, and salt pork form the diet of plantation Negroes of all ages. Ninety-nine out of a hundred families lack the energy to raise vegetables or chickens to vary the coarse fare, though around every cabin there is plenty of space for a "garden patch."

The life of the Mississippi plantation Negro is toil, ignorance, hopelessness, animal stupidity and bestiality. He is a filthy, stolid, unloved and unloving creature, as far from the "merry, singing hoehand" of fiction as is the dirty, diseased, reservation Indian from Cooper's "noble redman."

The patience with which a Mississippi planter deals with his dull, irresponsible labor is almost unbelievable to a Northerner. If he is harsh in punishing a "runaway," too shrewd in his contracts, quick to take advantage of all his opportunities to exploit, the planter is also the long-suffering guardian of these difficult children. If a hand falls sick, the planter's physician is called. The planter purchases the necessary medicines, and he or his wife watches through the night beside the sick person, for no plantation Negro can be depended upon to administer medicine regularly or in the prescribed dose. Family or community quarrels are patiently heard and decided. Many planters give an annual barbecue, when all the plantation hands are invited to a feast and merrymaking. A Negro cheated by another Negro or by a white man can count on his "boss" to safeguard his rights. The planter protects his Negroes from the countless "agents" who are always trying to sell the ignorant hands some trifle at an exorbitant price. The average planter looks on his hands as responsibilities to be fed, clothed, guarded, and cared for in sickness or disaster. At the same time he is unalterably opposed to anything that would help these "children" grow up. As a civic duty he would assist in tarring and feathering any "interfering Yankee" who urged the Negroes to obtain an education, buy a farm, learn a trade, leave the land, or, most heinous crime of all, organize. As far as he can achieve it, the Mississippi planter will keep the Negroes slaves, overworked, mal-nourished, terrorized into submission by corporal punishment, lacking initiative or ambition, dull, landless.

The "town Negroes" are markedly different. In Vicksburg I know of Negroes acting successfully as ministers,

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teachers, physicians, and dentists to their own race, and to both races as trained nurses, cooks, nursemaids, plumbers, carpenters, plasterers, dressmakers, store clerks, mail carriers, chauffeurs, mechanics, painters and paperhangers, brick masons, and truck drivers. "Town Negroes" are, of course, in closer touch with the white race and with the white man's way of living than the field hands. They try, and with startling success, to arrange their houses, prepare their food, and dress "like white folks."

One of my cooks was an interesting example of the difference between "field Negroes" and "town Negroes." Effie had been born on a plantation, but at the age of six she was taken to Vicksburg by the daughter of the planter for whom her mother worked, and brought up as the playmate of a little white girl. This meant that she was kept seasonably and neatly dressed, shared the meals of her little charge, played with the same toys, learned to read and write at the same time, had attention paid to her speech and manners, and for ten years was exposed to all the influences of a refined and pleasant home. I sometimes saw Effie's mother and sisters when they trudged in from the country, typical, dull, awkward, ugly, slovenly field Negroes. But Effie was immaculate in her person and clothing, dainty and attractive in appearance and carriage, intelligent, courteous, able to read simple books, and to write and spell fully as well as the average ten-year-old public-school child, an advanced degree of erudition for a Mississippi Negro. The difference in environment and training made Effie seem of another race from her "cornfield relations."

The Negro school buildings and equipment in Vicksburg (and in other large towns, I was told) compare favorably with the white schools. The teachers are graduates of colored high schools and colleges in many cases. There are pictures, playgrounds, and even a few victrolas, "visiting days" with very creditable programs, and a little industrial training. But there is neither incentive nor opportunity for progress beyond the grades, and most colored children drop out of school at the age of ten or twelve.

The "color line" in Mississippi is a devious thing for Northerners to trace. There are, of course, "Jim Crow" cars on the trains, "Jim Crow" waiting-rooms, theater galleries, and street-car sections. The school systems are entirely separate, as are the churches. But Negroes patronize "white stores," and are at liberty to try on any hat, garment, or pair of shoes they fancy. I have often seen Negresses "trying on" expensive dresses which were hung back on the racks and later tried on and purchased by white customers. "Town Negroes" use the banks and stand in line beside "white folks," though they could not do so in a street-car aisle. Doctors and dentists minister to white and colored alike, though there are separate wards in the hospitals, with colored nurses for the colored wards, working under the direction of white nurses. White children of the well-to-do classes are left almost entirely to colored nurses. Incidentally, "the charming Southern accent" and "the delightful Southern drawl" are to be traced to this fact, for the little children in learning to talk from their nurses, pick up also the slovenly Negro articulation and the Negro's whining intonation, and later training, while it corrects in a measure the Negro grammar and diction of early childhood, leaves the "accent" and "drawl."

There are numerous colored prostitutes, and "kept women" are as apt to be colored as white. There are two remarkable statements I have heard again and again from Mississippians, in the same breath in which they protested "By God, there'll never be social equality or mingling of the races in this State": "There isn't a full-blooded nigger in the State of Mississippi" and "there's not a virgin Negress over fourteen years old in this State."

"Town Negroes" take and leave employment as they choose. They appear in court as witnesses, and I recollect a case in Warren County where a white man was hanged on the testimony of a Negro. I never heard of a suit brought by a Negro against a white man in Vicksburg, but I feel sure that such a suit would not be summarily "thrown out of court" there, or in any of the other large towns. Communications from colored people on matters of general interest are printed in the Vicksburg papers, and such matters as colored school programs, the death of respected colored citizens, colored Red Cross activities and charities are fully reported.

But even in Vicksburg, where the relations between the two races are particularly good, the Negroes are "kept in their place." They are not citizens. They neither vote nor hold office, though they pay taxes. A crime against a Negro is not punished as is a crime against a white person. For example, during the war Mississippians held that everyone able to work must work. Various patriots appointed themselves to enforce this rule. Four such patriots (white, of course) in Vicksburg went to the home of a Negro woman who was not working, seized her by force, whipped her, and tarred and feathered her. She was pregnant and lost her child, almost losing her own life, as the result of the experience. Nearly two years later the four patriots were tried on a minor charge ("assault," I believe) and sentenced to six months in jail, but the sentence was not served. Though I asked many Mississippians about it, I never heard of a Negro voting or attempting to vote in Mississippi. A prominent man from the north of the State told me: "They don't come to the polls in our part of the State. None of our niggers are crazy to commit suicide."

Mob rule and "lynch law" are sometimes resorted to in punishing Negro criminals or those suspected of crime. While I was living in Mississippi I knew of Negroes being killed for the following causes: attacking a white woman, 1; trying to enter a movie theater on the "white side," 1; trying to enter a "white restaurant," 1; house-breaking, 1; helping a Negro murderer to escape, 1; killing a white man, 1; shooting a white man, 4; drawing a gun on a white man, 1. In the case of the Negro helping the murderer to escape the victim was tortured before being hanged. The Negro lynched for attacking a white woman was burned alive, after horrible tortures. The victim of the attack, who was uninjured, failed to identify him as her assailant, once stating definitely that he was not the man. The Negro who tried to enter the theater with "white folks" and the one who wanted to eat in the "white restaurant" were both ex-service men in uniform, recently returned from France. This is not a complete list of the lynchings that occurred during the two and a half years I lived in the State. It is, merely, a list of those of which I heard the details from reliable sources. I also know of two cases in which a Negro who killed a white man was legally tried and executed.

Mississippi is undeniably a backward State. It has fewer hospitals than any other State in the Union. Its educational appropriation is $7.49 per "educable child," the second lowest in the country, a seventh of the amount appropriated in Middle Western States. Because of the inadequate schools,

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and the lack of compulsory education laws, illiteracy among whites as well as among blacks is not uncommon. Most of the roads are impassable during the rains. There are no child-labor laws, no compulsory-education laws for either white or colored children, no first-class colleges, few and impoverished libraries; there is unchecked malaria, hookworm, and pellagra. Such folderols as juvenile courts, pure food, public kindergartens, city sanitation, public health clinics are generally unknown and undesired.

Mississippians admit, many of them regretfully, the backwardness of their State. They speak with pathetic apology of "the horrors of war"; the "reconstruction debts" which still oppress the leading towns; "the flower of the State dead in battle only one generation ago"; the financial burden of the Confederate pensions; "the poverty following the war"; "more than half our population ignorant blacks" —all of which are, doubtless, contributing factors. But I believe that the cause of Mississippi's backwardness is something more fundamental than the aftermath of war or the color of the population.

Human slavery is an outworn and discarded institution. That, at least, humanity has left behind. A society based upon an institution tested, found basically wrong, and cast aside cannot itself be sound and capable of normal growth. Mississippi has made every effort to keep her Negro population slaves in fact, if not in name. To oppress an inferior race is not so degrading to the oppressed as to the oppressors. In attempting to retard the normal development of the Negroes the whites have retarded and perverted their own development.

Mississippi does not want "damyankee notions upsetting the niggers," so Mississippi has shut itself off from the North as completely as possible. Northern ideas of business, education, agriculture, road-building, and finance have been stubbornly excluded. Federal aid has been refused—"damyankee meddling." The hostile attitude of the State toward the attempted pellagra investigation last fall is typical. "The good old days" have been the ideal, and so Mississippi has scorned the community efforts that have developed in other sections, clinging to the intense individualism of sixty years ago. The bad schools and the isolation from the rest of the country have naturally resulted in a smug, impenetrable provincialism that is appalling. "We do it so in Mississippi" or "We don't do it so in Mississippi" permits or forbids anything.

Criticism of anything Mississippian is hotly resented, particularly criticism of the existing order. Anyone, but especially a Northerner, comments on the "Negro problem" at his peril. Even a calm and impartial description of actual conditions is resented. "It's our business"; "It's something no Yankee can understand"; "We don't want our affairs written up in no damyankee paper."

And yet Mississippi and Mississippians have such splendid possibilities! There are a few Mississippi women whose charm and humor and loveliness of spirit and person I have not seen equaled in this country. They are, of course, of the "aristocracy," widely traveled, and fairly well read. If they had had the education and the horizon of Northern college women they would be among the leaders of American womanhood.

The climate of Mississippi, with malaria controlled and good roads and decent hotels built, would make it a tourist paradise. It has the softness of Florida and the invigorating air of the West blended into what is, seven months of the year, "the perfect atmosphere." In addition Mississippi has the lavish, open-handed beauty of a mild climate, blessed with plenty of rain. Anything will grow and blossom with half a chance—roses and fruit trees and children and flowers. The land is rich and, if scientifically farmed, it would yield enormous wealth. Experiments like the truck gardens around Crystal Springs have shown what production the State is capable of, when dragged away from "cotton an' co'n" to twentieth-century crop rotation.

Whenever I read of "missionary movements" I wonder why China and Africa and India are preferred to fields so much nearer home. Missionaries to Mississippi—now, there's a real need! Educational missionaries, to bring both white and colored schools up to modern standards; medical missionaries, to teach hygiene and sanitation, and establish country clinics where the sick can obtain something more scientific that "a dose of calomel an' a dose of quinine," administered by a self-made "doctor"; agricultural missionaries, to teach modern methods of farming; and evangelical missionaries, who, neglecting the favorite Mississippi doctrines of "hellfire and damnation" would preach the Golden Rule and the preciousness of little children.

It would take a sturdy breed of missionaries, ready to accept ridicule, misunderstanding, and ostracism; unafraid of the whipping post, the tar kettle, or the inglorious martyrdom of a midnight lynching bee. Yes, a difficult and a dangerous field; but any unselfish, stout-hearted American, eager to see the light of civilization penetrate the uttermost parts of his own country, will do well to go to Mississippi, "the glorious heart of Dixie."

[*The next article will be* Vermont: Our Rich Little Poor State *by Dorothy Canfield.*]

Old Mr. So-and-So

By MALLEVILLE HALLER

When I first came here, a dozen years ago,
The mountains said they'd tell me when time came to go.
That is a promise they've never taken back;
Today they pointed Gabriel the way to my shack.
Early this morning when the first cock crew,
God's angel touched me and named a rendezvous.
I've a little water and I've a little meal;
I'll build me a fire while I can still feel.

Beneath a down coverlid my father died,
With smooth linen sheets tucked along the side,
With a priest and a nurse and a screen from the air,
And a second, silken screen to break the lamp's glare.
That is what it meant to me, when people said:
"Old Mr. So-and-So died in his bed."
There's no one to care and there's no one to come.
I'll build me a fire before my hands are numb.

The first birds are here and the flowers will come soon,
A warm wet wind blows clouds across the moon.
Old men are cold, and it is a bitter thing
To live through the winter and die in the spring.
Again it will be true and again it will be said:
"Old Mr. So-and-So died in his bed."
No screens to break the searching rays that pour
On bare plank and hearth, with Gabriel at the door!

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The Opinions of Anatole France[1]

Recorded by PAUL GSELL

Rodin

ANATOLE FRANCE went one day to call on Auguste Rodin at Meudon. Rodin was doubtless greatly flattered by the visit of M. Bergeret. Yet these two prophets did not profess unreserved admiration for one another.

In private conversation Anatole France is in the habit of commenting freely upon the inspiration of the celebrated artist.

"He is a genius. I am sure of it. I have seen some nudes of his, palpitating with life. But he is not one of those great decorators such as France has known, especially in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. He seems to me to know nothing of the science of grouping."

Rodin, in his turn, sometimes spoke of M. Bergeret in rather harsh terms. Of course, he praised highly the wit of Anatole France and the charm of his style, but he had scanty esteem for the varying shades of his thought, which he considered specious and instable.

"He has the gravy," he declared bluntly, "but not the rabbit."

It should be explained that rabbit was Rodin's favorite dish. It was a remembrance of the time when he was a figure-carver and ate his meals in cheap restaurants. Rabbit seemed to him a food of the gods. Obviously, Anatole France lacked something essential when he had no rabbit. Consequently, he would never model the bust of M. Bergeret.

Rodin invited M. Bergeret to admire the work which he had on the stocks, and his collection of antiques. Then they went into the dining-room. . . .

The dining-room in which we sat was as spring-like as an idyl. The windows looked out on the bluish slopes of Meudon and upon the valley of the Seine, winding lazily beneath a silver sky.

Rose served up a huge dish of rabbit, and Rodin himself fished out rashers and placed them politely on the plate of Anatole France, whom he wished to honor. . . .

"We are invaded by ugliness," growled the sculptor. "All the things we use every day are an offense to good taste. Our glasses, our dishes, our chairs are horrible. They are machine-made, and machines kill the mind. Formerly the slightest domestic utensils were beautiful, because they reflected the intention of the artisan who made them. The human soul ornamented them with its dreams. . . ."

M. Bergeret admitted that our decorative arts had fallen very low.

"If it were only our decorative arts!" said Rodin. "But it is art, art pure and simple, which has dwindled to nothing. No distinction can be made between decorative art and art. To make a very beautiful table or model the torso of a woman is all one. Art always consists in translating dreams into forms. We no longer dream! People have forgotten that every line, if it is to be harmonious, must express human joy and sorrow. And in what is called great art, in sculpture, for example, as well as in the making of ordinary things, machinery has put Dream to flight."

This prophetic outburst disconcerted M. Bergeret a little, for it is not his wont to take such dizzy flights. He brought the conversation down to a more modest level.

"How can machinery influence sculpture?" he asked.

"How?" replied Rodin still grumbling. "Why, because casting is a substitute for talent."

"Casting?"

"Yes; nowadays this mechanical process is commonly employed by our sculptors. They are satisfied to make casts of living models. The public does not know this yet, but in the profession it is an open secret. Modern statues are nothing more than casts placed on pedestals. The sculptor has nothing more to do. It is the maker of plaster casts who does all the work. . . .

"Sculptors have ceased to give their work the stamp of thought which transfigures objects and illuminates them with an interior light. They have sought only vulgar substitutes. Not content with casting nudes, by a fatal descent they have reproduced exactly real clothing. In women's costumes they have imitated ribbons, laces, trimmings; in men's clothes, frock-coats, trousers, cuffs, collars, the whole department of latest fashions. Thus our streets and the fronts of our national buildings have become branches of a wax-work museum. . . .

"The artists of today do not know that the function of art is to express the human soul; that science cannot be represented by machinery, but by a thinking forehead and brooding eyes; that courage cannot be represented by cannons and dirigibles, but by virile features and resolute breasts. Accessories are their supreme resource because they no longer know how to reveal the mind. . . ."

The two great men naturally drifted into conversation about the changes which have been made in Paris. They were both born there, and M. Bergeret, who was brought up in a bookshop facing the Louvre, on the banks of the lazy Seine, tenderly cherishes the memory of the landscape of friendly edifices and trembling leaves which enchanted his gaze as a child.

"They will end," he said, "by making our Paris ugly."

"As a matter of fact," said Rodin, "the old houses which are its noblest ornament are being everywhere destroyed. The politicians, engineers, architects, and financiers of today are plotting a damnable conspiracy against the grace which we have inherited from the past. The most brilliant remains of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries are being demolished by the strokes of innumerable pickaxes. Did they not recently ravage the delightful Ile-Saint-Louis where Dream, hounded everywhere, seemed to have taken refuge?

"Virgil has related a dramatic legend. In order to feed the flames of a sacrificial fire Æneas breaks the boughs of a myrtle tree. Suddenly the broken branches begin to bleed and a groan is heard: 'Stop, wretch, you are wounding and tearing me!'

"The tree was a man metamorphosed by the will of the gods.

"The poet's fable often comes to my mind when I see the vandals laying the ax to the proud dwellings of long ago. Then it seems to me that the walls are bleeding, for they are alive and human like the myrtle tree of Virgil.

[1] The series of articles appearing under this title is translated by Ernest Boyd and will shortly be published in book form by Alfred A. Knopf.

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In the harmonious rhythm of their buildings do we not hear the voices of the Frenchmen of old? To break a sixteenth-century stone mask, a seventeenth-century portico, a delicate eighteenth-century frieze is criminally to sear the faces of our ancestors, to strike them on their eloquent lips. What a crime to stifle their voices! If the buildings were even beautiful which are erected in the place of those demolished! But most of them are hideous."

"They are all too tall," Anatole France replied. "The modest height of the houses was the chief charm of old Paris. They did not hide from view the soft sky of the Ile-de-France. As ground was cheap they developed laterally. That was the secret of their charm. Ground has become very expensive, and the houses of today grow higher simply because they cannot spread out. That is the reason of their ugliness."

"They present neither proportion, nor style, nor pleasant details. People have forgotten that architecture, like painting, sculpture, poetry, and music, is an expression of the soul. Taste is dying, and taste is the mind of a people expressed in its everyday life; its character made visible in its costumes, its homes, its gardens, its public places. Our society hates the mind. It kills Dream."

Rodin continued:

"Are they not now talking of substituting an enormous iron bridge for the light Pont des Arts, in front of the Louvre? It is maddening! There should be only stone in front of the Palace of the Kings. This mass of iron, which threatens us, will cross the river just beside the Pointe du Vert-Galant, it seems.

"In this way they will spoil the amazing view composed of the two banks of the river, the Louvre, the Palais Mazarin, the Monnaie, the verdant prow of the Ile-de-la-Cité, and the Pont-Neuf, majestic as a tragedy of Corneille or as a canvas of Poussin. If that view is perfect, it is because from generation to generation Parisians bequeathed to each other the task of embellishing it. Just as the strains of Amphion's lyre raised the obedient stones which formed divine monuments of themselves, so a secret melody has grouped in irreproachable order all these radiant edifices around the Seine, in whose waters their reflection trembles.

"Now, all of a sudden, this great masterpiece must be ravaged!"

"Practical utility, they say," responded Anatole France. "But, is there anything more useful to a nation than the charm of a city which visibly expresses the mind of the race, sociable, daring, well-balanced, clear, and joyous? That is a lesson which, in my opinion, is worth all the iron bridges to the life and the future of a people."

After coffee we went out into the garden, and on to the edge of a slope from which the eye could take in the immensity of Paris. As far as the most distant horizon there spread out an ocean of domes, towers, and steeples. Through the fleecy clouds the gold and opal rays of the sun shone upon this vast billow of stone. But frequently the smoke from the factories which hummed in the valley spread gigantic black ribbons over this fairyland.

"Was it so difficult," asked France, "to remove from the city these nauseating factories? Is it not absurd to allow the air of Paris to be poisoned continually by the lofty chimneys that surround it? Is it not an odious sacrilege against so lovely a city?"

"Our epoch, in which money rules, tolerates the worst outrages upon the right of all to both health and beauty. It infects and soils everything. It kills Dream! It kills Dream!"

"But Dream always rises again, and perhaps it will take vengeance. Perhaps it will soon create another social order less basely utilitarian, and less contemptuous of the spirit."

Such was the sad discourse held by these two prophets on the hill of Meudon.

They Ask: Is the Famine Really Bad?

By W. N. EWER

Moscow, March 2

THE famine front is away to the East; many hundred versts of snow-swept railroad track lie between Moscow and the Volga provinces. But it seems very near. The shadow of the great hunger is over us. We talk as men and women talked in Paris during war time. The things which you read of in the newspapers half wondering whether they are realities or imagined nightmare horrors, are here the matter-of-course facts of everyday life. So matter of course that we do not talk of them as you do. The thing is too near and too terrible to be thought of emotionally. In very self-defense sentiment must be put aside. For to feel too deeply would be to invite breakdown and even madness.

That is not exaggeration or a figure of speech. The other day news came that one American worker, overstrained by the horrors he had witnessed, collapsed. He was counting corpses. He counted forty, forty-one, forty-two, forty-three, forty-four, forty-five, forty-six—and then his brain snapped. "Forty-six, forty-six." They led him away, still counting over and over again that forty-sixth body.

Do you wonder that the famine workers, back from the front on leave, are as loath as were soldiers from the trenches to talk of the things they have seen and endured? Do you wonder that sometimes they turn even horror into jest?

"At first," said a Quaker worker to me yesterday, "we didn't believe the stories of cannibalism. Then we met some of the people who had done it. They told us about it quite simply. They were beyond feeling. One of them told us that it is not bad eating: and that it needs no salt." Then, with big eyes looking into the distance, she laughed, "Oh, yes, one learns things on relief work."

"Strange," said I, "because Prescott says somewhere that the Aztecs found their Spanish prisoners bad eating. They said their flesh was too salt."

"De gustibus—" said the Quaker girl; and laughed again. "Il faut rire pour n'pas être obligé de pleurer."

"I wonder," said a newcomer, sickening at the thought, "how they can bring themselves to do it."

"When you come back," said an Englishwoman, very softly, "you will wonder why, for the most part, they do not."

But, as I say, we do not talk much of these things. Or, rather, we do not talk of them as horrors, but only as problems.

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Your papers, I see, like the English papers, discuss strange imaginary difficulties. You have to assure people that money given for famine relief is not going for Third International propaganda; that food meant for the Volga is not being diverted to the Red Army or pilfered by Red railwaymen. Here all that sounds just silly and fantastic—except the business about pilfering.

"Why they don't pilfer, heaven knows. They want the food. We ought to be feeding them. It wouldn't mean less for the children. It would mean more, because the railroad work would be more efficient. But they don't. They handle tons and tons of stuff. And—well, the Friends have lost about one-half of one per cent of their food in transit."

One day somebody will tell the story of those Russian railroad workers. They're hungry themselves. Typhus—at Buzuluk last week 60 per cent of the railroad personnel were down with typhus. Nobody else spends more time in trains or stations than they need; for these are the danger spots of the typhus zone. But the railmen stay on their jobs, just patiently carrying on. And these malicious chatterers and scribblers over there in the West say they are pilfering.

However, I was talking not about slanders, but about the mountainous difficulties that face the relief workers. The problem of problems is of course transport—how to get the food from abroad, how to get the food from the other provinces, not only to the famine area but out to the scattered villages. Comparatively the towns are an easy problem, the refugees are an easy problem. But the vast majority of the starving people are in the villages or in tiny isolated farmsteads, miles and miles away from the railroad.

Take as an example (it is typical of the rest) the Buzuluk area which is being worked by the Friends. First, the food trains must be got from Moscow to Buzuluk—some 700 miles. That in itself sounds easy. But remember that 60 per cent of the Buzuluk railmen are down with typhus. Remember that the Russian railroads, never amazingly efficient, have, through years of war and revolution and blockade, only been kept in operation at all by most incredible exertion and by amazing ingenuity in extemporization. Remember the shortage of locomotives and the ill-repair of most of those which are running. Remember that it is winter and that snow-plows are practically non-existent; that the only fuel is fresh-cut wood. And you will begin to realize that there is a problem even in those 700 miles. The trains come in regularly, but very, very slowly. Ten days to a fortnight is the average running time.

But Buzuluk is only the beginning. From there everything must go on sledges, drawn by horses or oxen or camels, to the advance bases. The animals, remember, are underfed; and so are their drivers. And it is a two days' journey to Alexievka and Andrievka, though they be not very many miles to the south of the rail. Then from the advance ports again the food must go out to the actual feeding points, where the village committees distribute it to the children.

Do you begin to see what a problem that is, both in transport and in organization? Do you begin to see what a share is played in it all by the people themselves and the village committees, Soviet officials, railmen, sledge-drivers, and innumerable nameless workers who are giving themselves to the work with a devotion and a quiet heroism for which the foreign workers can find no adequate word of appreciation?

And idiots in England—doubtless in America also—ask: But why don't the Russians do something to help themselves?

Even when all goes well, there is not food enough for all.

Is it better to save one family and to let another die, or to save the children of both and let all the grown-ups die?

Can you get a glimpse of what lies behind that calmly debated question—can you glimpse what is happening when a question like that has to be calmly debated and decided upon by such men and women as have enlisted for the famine war?

But—very often all does *not* go well. Here is a tiny incident told me the other day by an A. R. A. worker. (He went back to the front next day; and now he is down with typhus.)

"We allotted," he said, "so many thousand rations to that village. They were to send in to the base for them. They had six horses and four camels left. We waited for them. The food was ready. But—they never came. Either the animals had died, or the way was blocked by snow-drifts. We never heard. But every soul in that village must be dead by now."

And that dead village must be typical of scores—or hundreds.

Thirty-three million people (according to the latest figures) are affected by the famine. Of these, 19,000,000 will soon be starving or dependent on relief food. Of the 19,000,000 the Soviet Famine Organization is feeding over 2,000,000; the A. R. A. 1,000,000, the other societies 500,000. But within a few weeks—when the adult-feeding program is in operation—the A. R. A. expects to feed 7,000,000. Say a total of 10,000,000—at the most—fed by relief agencies.

That leaves 9,000,000 to die.

And even this assumes that all goes well; that all the American food is distributed according to program; that there is no serious breakdown in transportation.

A breakdown in transportation—that is the fear that is haunting everybody. The Russians know only too well the difficulties that have to be faced and overcome before the cargoes that are beginning to arrive in Novorossiisk and Feodonia can come to the villages. The Americans remember anxiously how your own railroads—for all your perfect organization and perfect material—got hopelessly jammed in 1917.

Colonel Haskell is in the South, inspecting the ports—satisfied, I am told, that everything possible is being down by the Soviet authorities to facilitate the work of unloading the vessels and loading the trains. Kamenev and Eydück and their colleagues here in Moscow are grappling with the daily heartbreaking problems. Everyone is giving of his best: A. R. A., Friends, Nansen Committee, Trade Union Committee, Save the Children, Workers' Committee, Soviet officials; all making supreme efforts to overcome those gigantic difficulties.

Yet—at least 9,000,000 people must die before summer comes on the Volga.

And I know when I get back to England one of the first questions I meet will be—"Is the famine really bad?"

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Liberty and Union in the Coal-Fields

By HEBER BLANKENHORN

TONY NERI'S farm is the meeting-place, an hour's ride south of Johnstown, in the heart of Somerset County, Pennsylvania, the newly unionized coal country. The platform is a stump. The men are strikers from the Consolidation mines. They have walked the few miles from the camps at Jenner, Acosta, and Gray. Many races are represented besides the Yankee and Pennsylvania German; Polish, Slavish, Italian, Hungarian, and Spanish predominate. Two meetings seem to be on. The four or five hundred miners make one, standing massed before the white-haired organizer on the stump. Back of them a few yards is a crescent of thirty, some wearing white collars. They are company officers, mine bosses, guards, "deputies," and gunmen. Mr. Lyon, vice-president of the Consolidation Company, is there and Mr. Kramer, manager of all its mines in Somerset County. So is Jack Bentley, for many years chief of the mine guards for the Somerset Operators' Association.

"Why should you fear those men?" The speaker points to the bosses. "The only free American who fears law officers is one who's done wrong. You have the right to quit work and to meet. You have even the right to ask those fellows whether they really are law officers."

Mrs. Neri walks to the bosses and orders them to leave her property. They laugh. One calls her a name not customarily used to women. "They shut the gate, try to keep out the miners—my gate," she tells us. "I open, they push me round—me." Tony Neri breaks in. "Last Sunday, first meeting, they say $6,000 for you' farm. I say no. Then they say $500 not to give permit for meeting. First $25—then $500—just not to meet." We ask who offered the money. "The fat man, he was one." He points to President R. E. Beerits of the Randolph Company and of the Smokeless Quemahoning Company. "Then they call in my note $158 on farm. But Lawyer Scott he get some money for me."

Part of the crescent splits off. Organizers Romese and Hapgood are leaving for another meeting. Two autos of guards trail away after the union jitney. Slavish and Italian oratory succeeds the English. I marvel at the steadiness of miners' legs.

"You union?" A swarthy black-eyed youngster thrusts a paper into my hand. "What I do?" The paper is a typed form with a name written in:

To Virgali Botella,

Whereas you have ceased working for the Consolidation Coal Company and have refused to continue your employment, you are discharged, and you are hereby further notified and required to secure your personal effects at once and to withdraw immediately from the boarding-house or dwelling . . .

Just an eviction notice, dated 26th day of April, signed by L. F. Sanner, the superintendent at Jenner.

"Same here," says Frank Maldet, Jr. "'Bout a dozen more got 'em today." It seems to be the same at Biesecker, the local name for the Consolidation mine at Gray. "They setting me out now," Frank Kirch, sunny-faced, slow-spoken, smiles as he goes on. "I ask tomorrow. They carry out my things this minute. Yes, I marry man. Five children. Youngest fourteen months, oldest six and a half years. Company not move me in; what right move me out? No, no place I know to go."

How long has he worked there? "I work that Consol mine five years."

"And you come to the meeting—now?" He nods. It is like mining. The vein roof may come down on your head, a rockfall, next minute. Things happen. This time the roof has fallen in another fashion.

The speech-making is interrupted while the Italian brothers who have just given in their names are obligated. In a circle, hats off, hands raised, they repeat phrase for phrase the promise of fidelity to the union.

"I was the first in Acosta," says a young fellow. "The day I heard the Jerome boys was out I walked over there to be union. Thirteen miles over, thirteen back." Now he has been "set out" too. Dill, a boy of 17, says he and his buddy Tierpak have just been trying to talk to the boys in Ralphton. Ralphton, owned by the D. B. Zimmerman Quemahoning Coal Co., is one of two mines not shut down, the only mines still working in that section. "We saw one or two, then the spotters throwed us out."

The first person they had spoken to in the road at Ralphton I ran across two days later on the steps of Somerset Court House. Half of his story was easy to get—a black eye, a gashed brow, bodily movements as if he hurt all over. The rest came through a Polish bystander. For speaking to a stranger, this Alex Yakovski had been arrested by a deputy, taken to the company office, there hammered with a blackjack, carted to Somerset County jail, and held from 5 p. m. to noon the next day. No formal charges. Oh, yes, an eviction notice.

Somerset produced George F. Baer, president of the Reading Railroad, who in the great strike of 1902 assured the country that "the rights and interests of the laboring man will be protected and cared for, not by labor agitators, but by the Christian men to whom God has given the control of the property interests of the country." His honored photograph adorns the walls of lawyers' offices near Somerset Court House. His gospel is the creed of Somerset coal operators today. Somerset County, bounded on the north by the non-union section of Cambria County and on the south by the Maryland border, buttressed on the west by the non-union Connellsville and Westmoreland fields, has been kept non-union for years, excepting a half dozen half-submerged locals in the Meyersdale region. Now, twenty-seven mining towns are strike-bound and locals are organizing in every camp. Ten thousand men in Somerset, eight thousand in Cambria, Indiana, and northeastern Westmoreland counties, with the 43,000 of District No. 2 of the United Mine Workers, make a total of 60,000 on strike in central Pennsylvania, according to their leader, President Brophy. A big mine in Johnstown, a small one in Bell, mines in Vintondale and Colver and Charles M. Schwab's at Heilwood—these were about all that were left working on May 3. The operators call it a plot; it looks like a landslip.

To deal with the situation as a plot, the operators used the following equipment: 348 deputies, enrolled by Sheriff Griffith at a dollar per head, commanded and paid by the coal companies; coal and iron policemen, enrolled by the State,

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paid by the companies to whom assigned; State troopers, not numerous but much feared, some taking orders from the irresponsible Bentley, others refusing to break up meetings; "spotters," in chairs in pool rooms, at telephone switchboards, or crouched under windows or racing the roads in motors. They had also such handy men as an occasional priest to preach that a strike meant damnation. As properties for the Somerset scene they had no-trespass notices on poles, fences, and trees; burgesses' warnings on walls in towns; sheriff's proclamations all over the county. There was a lack of good lock-ups; "arrested" organizers and miners had to be taken to the county jail in Somerset town. After April 19 they had injunctions; one sort was granted by Common Pleas Judge John Berkey. It was an impressive-looking document, though really a "toothless" injunction against a man who had seen injunctions before. To the isolated miner in the camps it was a different matter. The companies printed the writ by the thousand and their officials "served" the papers on the miners in their houses; sometimes pleasantly—"Sorry, boys, but I guess that fixes you"—sometimes unpleasantly: "Now, you sons of bitches, you can walk to the mine and back home and that's all." The other printed injunction, on a single sheet, began black-browed with heavy type and ended:

> And this as you shall answer the contrary at your peril.
>
> *By the Court,*
>
> WM. H. RUPPEL, P. J.
>
> *Somerset, Pa., November 14, 1916.*

Coal companies worked this injunction in the Hooversville region. It was the relic of a strike five years dead. The signing judge was dead. The men enjoined were dead. The fraud was used particularly against foreign-speaking miners. A Hungarian who noticed the document's date was nevertheless instructed by the company's borough officer: "This thing counts now. It means you fellows can't do nothing."

Field headquarters of the union is at Cresson, on the edge of District No. 2. A room jammed with three desks, a table, two typewriters, two telephones. At the other end of the building, one of District Two's 28 cooperative stores. It is Saturday evening, April 22.

Vice-President Mark at the telephone. "No, President Brophy's down there at a meeting. Can't get anybody to you tonight. Arrange your meeting for Monday and I'll get you an Italian and a Slavish speaker." All afternoon he has been answering calls from recently formed locals in Somerset. When he runs out of available men in the field, he calls up a union mining town 10 or 20 miles off and tells the local officer to take a jitney and speak at the designated point in Somerset.

Railroaders drop in. They want to know if they can't distribute the union's papers on their run. Truck delivery men make the same offer. Organizer Donaldson, a youngster, reports how the meeting went at Cambria City. He had gone alone. "The boys had a hall all right. I found the road in front of it blocked solid with the supers' and bosses' cars. There were just little passages left at each end of the autos for the miners to squeeze by, and about 40 thugs made a gantlet there. Each miner that went in, they'd say, 'That's Tom the ———; that's Mike the ———; get Joe the ———.' After the boys went in the bosses kept up a continual pounding on the walls of the hall. But those boys joined."

Mark at the 'phone again. "Why, two pairs of organizers went to you fellows this afternoon. Well, where are they? I'll send again. You be on the street in an hour."

Who was it? Mark doesn't know. A miner. Names aren't necessary. It's hard enough to get union headquarters over Somerset wires without adding names to the dangers. Later a strange jitney will go into the Somerset town. A miner will ask if they're the organizers. He tells the field, pool room, lodge hall, or other meeting-place where the boys are gathered.

Board Member Taylor comes in and tells how the Davis Coal and Coke men struck at Boswell last Monday. Nobody had been able to get by the guards there. One night the Boswell boys called up. President Brophy and T. D. Stiles, who founded the union's cooperatives, rode down at once and were talking to miners in the street when they were mobbed by guards, spotters, and states (constabularies). Then Hapgood and Mallon went in and Bentley, that "bawling bull of Boswell," held them under arrest for some hours.

"Last Monday morning early," Taylor went on, "when we all drove in the miners were on the bridge near the tipple, waiting for the man trip. Bentley and his gang barred the road. Bentley pulled his yellow billy on Hapgood and another fellow threw Romese all around. The miners up above were watching. We said we had the right to walk a public road. Chief Beanie kept hollering that nobody in Boswell wanted us. And right then the miners on the bridge came streaming down on strike. We all marched up to the Nickelodeon and held our meeting, and out of 300 we obligated 214 right there."

That sort of record, my notes show, is duplicated for half a dozen Somerset towns.

Trampling at the door. It's Romese and Soltis looking as if they'd seen something.

"Where we been? Ralphton! A sweet place. We missed those Acosta boys and another message told us to hurry to a meeting in a field near Ralphton. The minute the jitney hit town the spotters began blowing their auto horns. We turned round and as we were leaving the whole town came down on us. Looked like a trap. Two guards waded through a swamp at the bend of the road and cut us off. Meanest looking Italian I ever saw climbed on the hood with a gun and covered the driver. The guards yanked open the doors. Yelled 'Here are the dirty sons of bitches. Now, lynch 'em.' It was funny. Bosses and business men, too, all shaking with rage, screeching '*You* grab him, *you* start it, string 'em up.' Why, there were women in that crowd. I kept looking for miners. Never saw grown men so trembling mad. Thought they'd never let up. A fellow, I think was the super, came up and said drive 'em out of town. So we drove."

"I want to reassure you boys," Mark breaks in with solemn tones, "that if and when you are lynched the entire official family of District No. 2 will attend your funeral." Shouts of derisive laughter. Romese was a soldier in France, twice wounded, and his friends know how much he can be scared.

People in Pennsylvania have been striking hands. That's about all there's to the history of the organization of Somerset. The "invaders" approached from nearby union towns. No organizer came from the international union headquarters at Indianapolis. The District No. 2 organizers more-

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over are elected by the rank and file, an exception to the rest of the miners' organization. They have not the eloquence of the more experienced or "professional" organizer. Rough miner narrative is the gist of their speech-making—plain explanations of how things are run in union towns and what the strike is for, what the organization stands for and what it won't stand for, how it negotiates wage schedules, and what the rights of assemblies and individuals are in free America.

They issued a call on March 31; 20,000 copies of the strike summons and copies of the District Two newspaper, *Penn-Central News;* and since then they have answered countless calls.

The miners in Somerset awaited a sign. A visible presence was the only sign that would do. For years the Somerset camps had been kept by guards and spotters. Could the union, or anybody, get in, so as not to leave strikers alone with the guards? The sign apparent, Somerset struck.

On April 27, after a dramatic day in the Somerset courtroom, when Judge Berkey heard the companies' application for a permanent injunction, the miners won a victory. Judge Berkey holds: "They have the right to their meetings. Not on company property but in the vicinity. I haven't held they have the right to organize. That's a delicate question of law. I'll decide that later. Operators and guards must keep away from the men's meetings."

Courts can do nothing about the evictions. On May 1 the union's count ran: Eviction writs served in the three counties, 385; by Berwind-White, 190; by Consolidation, 102; actually evicted, 80.

Back of local bosses and mine guard and court proceedings are important financiers. In the north the Berwind-White Company dominates, headed by E. J. Berwind, who is a director of railroads, New York banks, and New York rapid transit companies. In the south is the Consolidation Coal Company, whose president is ex-Senator C. W. Watson; John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is interested in it and has made inspection trips in the past in Somerset with Consolidation officials. In between are coal companies of Pittsburgh, whose directors are not unknown to Andrew W. Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury.

The companies which bear the chief responsibility for the manner of the exploitation of the American people's resources in coal in Somerset County are:

Berwind-White Coal Mining Co., President, E. J. Berwind, 11 Broadway, New York; Consolidation Coal Co., President, C. W. Watson, 67 Wall St., New York; Hillman Coal & Coke Co., President, T. W. Guthrie, Pittsburgh; Arrow Coal Mining Co., President, S. A. Gilmore, Pittsburgh; Brothers Valley Coal Co., President, R. A. C. Smith, 90 West St., New York; Baker-Whiteley Coal Co., Baltimore; Quemahoning Coal Co., President, D. B. Zimmerman, Somerset; Quemahoning Creek Coal Co., President, J. C. Brydon, who is president of the Somerset Operators Association, Somerset; Reading Iron Co., President, L. E. Thomas; Reitz Coal Co., President, John Lochrie, Windber, Pa.; Pennsylvania Collieries, Inc., President, R. M. Turner, 500 Fifth Ave., New York; Madeira-Hill Coal Mining Co., President, P. C. Madeira, Philadelphia; Knickerbocker Smokeless Coal Co., President, Telford Lewis, Johnstown, Pa.; Davis Coal & Coke Co., President, A. W. Calloway, Baltimore; Lochrie-Price Coal Co., Windber.

In the Driftway

SINCE writing in a disparaging way of the *Congressional Record* as a work of literature, numerous protestants have bobbed up to assert that this sedate Washington daily is filled with more thrills than the "Arabian Nights" and more humor than the comic sections of all the newspapers of the country combined. Maybe it is, but as the Drifter rarely reads anything but headlines—and the *Congressional Record* has none to speak of—he can hardly be expected to know all this. However, the Drifter has lately been burrowing into the pages of this heretofore unesteemed and misprized contemporary and he admits there is gold to be found amidst the dross of words and figures. Take the speech of the Hon. Bill G. Lowry of Mississippi, for instance, on military appropriations. The Hon. Bill began delicately by suggesting that "those gentlemen who claim not to know what a bloc is should study the part of their anatomy above their necks." Thereafter he rambled on with various ideas—some pat and some patter—until finally he bit into a Negro fable, to tell which was apparently his chief excuse for rising. That it was a good excuse the Drifter admits, and hastens to reprint the fable herewith:

Ole Mistah Billy William Goat
Had all de whiskers he could tote,
And when he tuck and shaved 'em off
He got pneumony and a cough.

He sent for Doctah Rambo Sheep
Who said, "Dat cold am mighty deep,
But," says he, "maybe you kin pull
Thru if you wrap yo'self in wool."

Then Doctah Gander come along
And say, "Dat cold am mighty strong;
My 'pinion is you sho' is dead
Ef you don't git a feader bed."

An den old Doctah Turtle come
And say, "You gwine to yo' long home;
You sho'ly never kin get well,
Ef you don't git yo'self a shell."

And den ole Billy William cuss
And say he don't know who to trus',
But dey's all dead an' gone an' quit
And ole man William's livin' yit.

* * * * *

TAKEN as a whole the debates in Congress remind the Drifter of an incident at a meeting which he once attended. At a most inopportune moment a rather obtuse person stood up and began to speak. Fixing him with a chilly eye, the chairman asked sharply: "For what purpose does the gentleman rise?" Nothing daunted, the gentleman replied with the easy assurance of one who knows exactly what he is about: "I rise to talk." THE DRIFTER

How Red Is Mexico?
BY HENRY G. ALSBERG
will appear in next week's issue of
The Nation

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Correspondence

Scandinavian *vs.* American Universities

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Not long ago a professor at the University of Copenhagen, after concluding an unorthodox lecture before the Economics Club, told me that if he had made such a speech in an American university he would have been dismissed the next day. He concluded by saying: "You have no academic freedom in America." Proudly I replied that I could not speak for all American universities, but that I knew one university where there was freedom and that one was Clark. He said he would take my word, but it sounded strange. I regret that I must withdraw my challenge to this professor's remarks. Moreover I must concede that he is right when he says that we have no academic freedom in America if he takes the University of Copenhagen as a standard. Here the university is certainly no "nursery" where "babes" are fed adulterated truth. A socialist lectures at the university. The students—no older than ours—can listen to any speaker they choose for their clubs—anarchist, atheist, bolshevist, nihilist, communist, or cannibalist. But, perhaps, we American students are weak-minded and must be taught Santa Claus religion, Ray Stannard Baker's history, Gompers's labor policies, and Gary's economics lest thinking within university walls will disable the ship of state.

Copenhagen, April 7 EDWARD F. FRAZIER

A Labor Court for Labor Law

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The experiment of the Kansas Labor Court and the effort to provide a similar instrument for dealing with the relationships of employer and employee in New York keep alive a question that sooner or later must be solved in the United States. The people are not going patiently to submit forever to the disorganization and dangers growing out of strikes. Neither is it going to be possible to pass laws that will compel the individual to work against his will. Some middle ground must be found for a method to allay the constant friction growing out of the organization of labor and the system of collective bargaining.

The labor unions are quick to claim immunity for all disaster or oppression that may grow out of their acts. They refuse almost without exception to incorporate or to assume any responsibility. In company with the farmer they have received legislative immunity from the anti-monopoly laws and to all intents and purposes are free to exercise such power as they may possess against the community or the employer. The advantages of organization are obvious where a few are combined against the unorganized many. The advantage disappears when met by counter organization, the logical outcome of which is to organize everybody against everybody else, a process that could only end in universal deadlock or civil war.

What, then, may be fairly questioned, is the just objection to an industrial court? On the part of labor is the fear of compulsory arbitration and the abolition of the right to strike as a remedy for alleged wrongs, together with a deep-seated belief that capital controls courts and that the poor are defenseless except as they defend themselves. Many things have happened in our history to justify this view. On the other hand much wrong has been done the employer. To the public at large both sides have been a plague, yet, curiously, the relations of unions to owners have nearly always been upside down. Obviously capital and labor ought to be as one to mulct the public, yet as a rule they contend, while the public sides with labor. It ought to be down on both sorts of organizations whenever either tries to interrupt the competitive principle.

All this is preliminary to the main point, which is that some form of adjustment must come that will restore power where it belongs, to the people at large. Now one of the greatest difficulties in the way of establishing an industrial court lies in the absence of statutes under which it might accordingly operate.

There is, however, a ready-made basis at hand for the operation of such a body in the rules existing for the control of organized labor, known as international law, the fundamental on which the great nation-wide unions establish their authority. This is the growth of many years of slow upbuilding, like our own statutes, but most of it is wider and more sensible than much that can be found in the sheep-skin volumes of legislative enactments. This international law has often been tested, and where lived up to furnished an admirable protection against strikes and irregular or oppressive acts. Its weakness lies in the fact that this sort of legislation is without force in law and depends upon acceptance for its effect. Codified and put upon the law books as the foundation for an industrial court, with the strength of the state or nation behind it, the results would beyond question do much to solve the pressing problem. Take, for an example, the vexed question of discharges, often the cause of strikes, interruptions, ill-feeling, and sabotage. All who are familiar with the workings of a factory know there is favoritism and unfairness in discharges, a fertile source of trouble. The law of the International Typographical Union provides that men may be dismissed (1) for incompetency; (2) for neglect of duty; (3) for violation of office rules (which must be conspicuously posted) or of laws of the chapel or union; and (4) to decrease the force, such decrease to be accomplished by discharging first the person or persons last employed. Under this there has been established, at the initiative of the Publishers' Association of New York City, a trial committee which passes on the legality of discharges under these rules, which operates in a number of cities. Numerous cases of unjust dismissals have been presented and rectified, removing causes for trouble and giving general satisfaction. This function could well be transferred to the industrial court.

In the matter of strikes, all the international laws provide machinery for delay, investigation, and conciliation or arbitration. Yet obstinate outlaw strikes often occur to control which the international body is powerless. It can only take away charters or impose fines which it has no way of collecting. In short, its admirable and well-conceived regulations become as nothing because there is no means at hand to make its mandates effective by enforcement through the power of the popular will as centered in legal authority.

This proposition, of course, is meant to apply only to organized labor and to the complications produced by such organization. It goes no further than to provide means for enforcing conditions laid down by labor itself and accepted by the employer as part of the collective bargain, which do not now exist.

It is unfortunate that few employers who deal with labor unions are cognizant of the many merits of international law. If they would become acquainted with its provisions, exert themselves to invoke it, unite to have it codified and placed on the statute books, they would be surprised at the beneficial results. Instead, too many do their best to vitiate agreements, keep paid spies in their shops, and in every possible way treat labor as an enemy instead of an ally. If labor should object to the utilization of its own laws, and their enforcement by the general power of the public, then it would stand convicted of an insincerity that would end in the discomfiture of all its organized forms. Beyond enforcing international law, the proposed industrial court would deal with and interpret all contracts resulting from collective bargaining, decide disputes, and clarify obscurities. Under its exercise acts like the recent repudiation of the Garment Workers contract by the Manufacturers' Association, properly reprehended by the regular courts, would come up for adjustment, and there could be no lockouts or "vacations" such as too often make hash of agreements.

New York, April 12 DON C. SEITZ

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The Roving Critic

The Revenge of the Bards

"THE natural desire of every man," says Peacock in The Four Ages of Poetry, "to engross to himself as much power and property as he can acquire by any of the means which might makes right, is accompanied by the no less natural desire of making known to as many people as possible the extent to which he has been a winner in this universal game. The successful warrior becomes a chief; the successful chief becomes a king; his next want is an organ to disseminate the fame of his achievements and the extent of his possessions; and this organ he finds in a bard, who is always ready to celebrate the strength of his arm, being duly inspired by that of his liquor. This is the origin of poetry. . . . The first rude songs of all nations . . . tell us how many battles such an one has fought, how many helmets he has cleft, how many breastplates he has pierced, how many widows he has made, how much land he has appropriated, how many houses he has demolished for other people, what a large one he has built for himself, how much gold he has stowed away in it, and how liberally and plentifully he pays, feeds, and intoxicates the divine and immortal bards, the sons of Jupiter, but for whose everlasting songs the names of heroes would perish." The bards meanwhile, according to Peacock, do not neglect their own status. "They are observing and thinking, while others are robbing and fighting: and though their object be nothing more than to secure a share of the spoil, yet they accomplish this end by intellectual, not by physical, power: their success excites emulation to the attainment of intellectual eminence: thus they sharpen their own wits and awaken those of others. . . . Their familiarity with the secret history of gods and genii obtains for them, without much difficulty, the reputation of inspiration . . . being indeed often themselves (as Orpheus and Amphion) regarded as portions and emanations of divinity: building cities with a song, and leading brutes with a symphony; which are only metaphors for the faculty of leading multitudes by the nose."

This is the revenge of the bards: from singing of godlike men they come to feel themselves godlike; and in time they persuade a respectable portion of the community to take them at their own value. Now it is their turn to share—almost to usurp—the glory of the kings and warriors, their former patrons. Homer takes as high a rank as Agamemnon and Achilles and Ulysses, who are remembered because Homer admitted them to his narrative. The bard establishes the canon of the memorable. May there not have been other men as wise as Moses or as patient as Job or as strong as Samson? There may have been, but as they lacked bards they dropped out of the race for perennial honor. That race, at least, is not for the swift alone. Socrates had a better bard than Pericles; he had Plato. Caesar had a better bard than Pompey: he had himself. If there were more Caesars, history might be different; certainly historiography would be. As it is, accident and art play an enormous part in fixing human fame.

The process continues to the present day, for the biographer who has succeeded to the bard has the bard's habits in no very different degree. But he is no longer quite so dependent as his ancestor, no longer quite so official. Like will to like in biography as elsewhere. So long as the craft of making reputations is left to the guild of letters, so long will the guild impress it with its special prejudices. It will choose to write about those great men whose careers best conform to some classic type or fit some dramatic mode or flatter some literary sentiment. A great man who has been a conspicuous patron of the arts has ten times the chances at posterity that a mere man of power or money has; but so has a great man who has been eloquent or who has borne himself like Cato or who has had a fate in some way or other resembling Napoleon's.

Not only does the literary guild choose men of action on literary grounds to write about: it chooses disproportionately to write about its members. There are as many lives of thinkers and artists as of generals and monarchs. Philostratus wrote about the sophists and Eunapius and Diogenes Laertius about the philosophers and Suetonius about the grammarians; in the Middle Ages monks wrote particularly about monks who succeeded in their business and turned saints; Vasari in the Renaissance said less about even the princes who encouraged painters than about the painters themselves; Boswell chose not Burke nor Chatham but Johnson to stand as the center of his society; Goethe's Duke survives primarily in the various lives of Goethe; how many passionate, beautiful books there are about Poe and Keats and Byron and Heine and Hugo and Pushkin and Leopardi!

The situation has consequences. Though the king who can command a poet or the politician who can catch a biographer will always have one, few other persons outside the poet's or the biographer's own caste boast any such intercessors with the future. The most mighty man of business perishes from the public memory almost as speedily as the most petty trader. The artisan who has invented no matter how comfortable devices and the athlete who has been no matter how much on the tongues of men leave but short wakes of fame behind them. Now this may hint that those who do not survive actually merit oblivion, but it does not prove it. Rather, it proves that peoples have the best memories with regard to those men and women about whom there are voices to go on speaking. In any given generation rumor widens out in various ways: its heroes are pugilists and saints and misers and entertainers and generals and statesmen and orators and preachers and lovers and murderers and philanthropists and scholars and poets and humorists and musicians and detectives—all mingled in one vast confusion. But with posterity selection intervenes. A hundred fames grow dim because no one has a special reason for perpetuating them; word of mouth in general is not enough. Even particular professions in time forget those who once practiced them eminently. Only of the men of letters—bards and biographers—is it the trade as well as the delight to keep old reputations burning. And it is only certain things that they remember: blood and glory and learning. Paul Revere gave a lifetime to a noble craft and a few hours all told to a midnight ride which any man might have made who was able to sit a horse and follow a dark road. Who now hears of Revere's craft? He is merely a demigod and Longfellow is his prophet; the two of them symbolize the past, as most men see it, and the way of the bards with the past.

For it is clear, upon reflection, that just as the current world comes to the perceptions of mankind through the interpretations of artists or demagogues or prophets, so the past comes to them through the interpretations of its chroniclers. There lies the past, enormous and unformed; here are the men of pen and book who make the lenses through which it is perceived, who fix the frame of the picture, who choose what shall be looked at and what not. They are artists and the past is their material. Let a given chronicler be as honest as he will or can be; he is still a member of a limited class of men and he is interested in a limited range of life. Let all the chroniclers be honest, and they are still chroniclers: they will set down what interests their caste. They will shape their material in epic or dramatic form; they will find arguments for their favorite convictions; they will cherish or neglect in accordance with their dispositions. Sophisticate and complicate the matter as they will, they tend in all ages and the latest age to do what they did at first. They see the rulers of men sitting on their proper thrones and they sing in verse or say in prose how those rulers came there; they remember themselves and they pay natural honor to their fellows of the guild. In a sense, the plain man cannot feel that he has a past. He looks into histories and sees very little of the world he knows. That older world is much too full of kings and bards for him to feel at home.

CARL VAN DOREN

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Books

Cooperation

The Consumer's Cooperative Movement. By Sidney and Beatrice Webb. Longmans Green and Company. $6.50.

WHAT is the matter with retail prices? Prices of agricultural raw materials are about 35 per cent above the 1914 level. Prices of animal products, in the raw stage, are nearly the same as in 1914. Forest products and mineral products are higher, but only enough to bring the average for raw materials to 45 per cent above 1914. Prices of these goods after the manufacturers get through with them range from 30 to 50 per cent above 1914. Yet retail prices, as expressed in the United States Department of Labor's cost-of-living index, are still 75 per cent above the 1914 level.

The banker tells the wage-earner that wages must fall to the level of prices of raw materials and manufactured products. The wage-earner does not see it. For one thing, the prices of the articles he has to buy at retail have not gone down to any such extent. The banker counters by saying that the reason retail prices have not gone down is that labor has not gone down. But his own statistics prove him wrong. The margin which remains is not in the process where productive labor takes place —between the raw material and the manufactured product; it is in the process where distribution takes place—between the manufacturer and the retail customer. In this process, taken as a whole, wages are less important, and have probably been reduced further, than in any other. Certainly the retail store clerks and the office forces of wholesalers and commission men have not been able to offer any organized resistance to wage cuts. Only in so far as transportation rates affect the cost of distribution of manufactured products—and that is not very far —is there the slightest excuse for blaming labor for the lack of deflation of retail prices.

Roger Babson, major prophet of minor business, has become alarmed for the future of some of his clients. In a bulletin issued on December 13 he wrote: "So far in the readjustment, producers have had to cut prices most because competition struck them hardest. Distributors have been less affected. While the producers have been compelled to readjust their overhead costs to fit prices, distributors—wholesalers, jobbers, and retailers—have been able to make prices fit overhead costs. The result is a business-killing spread between prices which the producer gets for his goods and the prices which the consumer must pay. Popular sentiment demands that this be corrected. The cooperative system of buying, which has swept England and other European countries, offers a tempting solution. The dangerous phase of this situation is that if United States distributors allow it to start they can never check the movement until inestimable damage has been done to the existing system. *Clients should read the handwriting on the wall. The only possible way to block the cooperative store is to make it unnecessary! Now is the time to do it, before the movement gets headway. This can be done only by cutting down overhead expenses and selling on as close a margin as your business will stand. Remember that high costs do not justify high prices, but simply open the way for competition.*"

But Mr. Babson makes one miscalculation. He talks to the distributor as if retail prices could be reduced by moral resolution. He accounts for the fact that they have not been reduced by a statement that competition has not been so keen among sellers as among producers. Surely that cannot be true. Retailers are competing more keenly than ever. They have had just as strong a motive for reducing prices as farmers or industrialists. The motive is that they could not find enough customers at the old prices to keep going.

People who still think that the individualist system of business enterprise, with its competition and its production for exchange, tends to reduce prices and bring about large-scale efficiency should study this situation. The truth seems to be that the distributor is not, for the most part, individually responsible for high retail prices. He is caught in a net of social inefficiency. He is in an area of enterprise where profit is to be made not by clearing the channels through which goods flow, but by obstructing them. Only by building a dam across the river of goods can he exact his toll. And as time goes on, more and more dams are built, more and more tolls are exacted, and the individual dam-owner cannot help the frittering away of the stream of products before it reaches the retail purchaser. Try as they may, Mr. Babson's clients will not be able to render the economic ground much less fertile for the cooperative movement.

Yet they should not be unduly alarmed. The cooperative store shows little sign of taking full advantage of this opportunity—an opportunity which has existed in less extreme form for many years. The movement grows, and grows surely. But it grows slowly. Over against its favorable economic background must be set numerous social difficulties. For an understanding of these matters, there is no better source than Mr. and Mrs. Webb's new book on the cooperative movement of Great Britain.

A book by the Webbs is not easy to read. It consists of a vast agglomeration of details, collected and presented with careful scholarship, but not often with dash or inspiration. This may account for the attitude, somewhat akin to contempt, which is maintained toward Mr. and Mrs. Webb by some of the more brilliant revolutionary writers. But out of their work emerges a sense of reality, a sense of dependability, and often a true insight which frequently is not to be found among their smarter critics.

The British cooperative movement, whatever its faults, is a very real thing. It is economically the strongest movement which disallows the capitalist economy. Some 1,350 local societies with over 4,000,000 members, turning out yearly sales of £200,000,000, are no mean power. During the war, 26 per cent of the population received their sugar through cooperatives. The Cooperative Wholesale Society supplying a large proportion of these local bodies actually manufactures in its own plants goods of many kinds, to the extent of £33,000,000. And there are also the enormous banking and insurance adjuncts of the movement. All this development has taken place, not merely as a result of conviction and propaganda, but also because of practical success in competing with private institutions. To this extent cooperation has proved itself more efficient in the competitive struggle.

But if cooperation is so much more efficient in principle, why has it not grown even faster in England? Why does it not take a firmer hold in the United States? To such questions, this book furnishes numerous detailed answers. Local societies are not aggressive enough in developing their services beyond a few necessities of life. Large sections of the country remain "cooperative deserts" because, for some reason or other, the movement has not begun spontaneously there. Many inefficient managers are appointed, many superannuated managers remain in office. High enough salaries are not paid in recognition of exceptional ability. There is too much distrust of the expert. Good accounting methods are not prevalent enough. There is too much cumbering bureaucracy, not enough aggressive and intelligent control in administration. In short, the movement suffers from the old, familiar faults of large masses and democratic institutions; it has not learned the administrative virtues of the best privately owned and privately managed corporations. In basic plan more efficient; in detailed administration, in alertness and energy, less efficient—that seems to be the present score of cooperation in relation to private business.

This foreshortening of the Webb book does not do it justice. The careful discussion of the plans and methods of cooperative institutions from top to bottom, of their sometimes troubled relations with employees, of their theoretical contacts with guild socialism, syndicalism, and other plans for a new state, of their activities in politics—these are among the more important topics of extreme value to students of the subject. And Mr. and Mrs.

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Webb, when their criticism is adverse, speak of course as highly friendly critics.

But the main question thrown up by the discussion is the one now more frequently and persistently asked everywhere in connection with new economic systems. In Russia, capitalism and communism are entering upon a competitive test, and communism cannot grow or persist unless it can prove itself more efficient in service than capitalism. In England (and to a lesser degree in America, because the movement here is in more primitive stages) the chance of collectivism, as expressed in the cooperative system, to supplant the capitalist method of distribution depends largely upon its ability to develop a technique of administration which will go far to overcome the natural difficulties found in any institution deriving its impulse and authority from the rank and file. Upon the capacity of democracy, whether political or industrial, to recognize and make adequate use of administrative science—to employ fully the skill of the engineer, the accountant, and the trained expert in management—seems to depend the chance of success in its main purpose, which is not merely to defeat exclusive interests but properly to serve all the people. GEORGE SOULE

Don Quixote of Salamanca

The Tragic Sense of Life in Men and in Peoples. By Miguel de Unamuno. Translated by J. E. Crawford Flitch. With an Introduction by Salvador de Madariaga. The Macmillan Company. $5.

DON QUIXOTE lives in Spain again in the person, or rather in the mind, of a professor of Greek at the University of Salamanca. Miguel de Unamuno, poet, novelist, metaphysician, whom Salvador de Madariaga, assuming the worshipful role of Sancho Panza, calls "the greatest literary figure in Spain," and who if he is not that is one of the five or six leaders of the intellectual renaissance in that fascinating country today, fights the windmills of despair. His masterpiece, "Del Sentimiento Trágico de la Vida" (1912), a mighty volume ably translated here by Crawford Flitch, is modern Catholicism's richest, most passionate, most brilliant statement of the grounds that exist for faith in immortality, now that reason and science have done their worst.

One need not be interested in immortality to appreciate this book, but one should be interested in windmills; one should be able to like a losing fight. Unamuno fights because he knows there is not a chance in the world to win. He has tasted the glory of absurdity. He has decided to hope what he cannot believe. He has discovered grounds for faith in the very fact that there are no grounds.

He accepts reason and science to their last syllable, and curiously enough he begins where Bertrand Russell, in A Free Man's Worship, begins—with despair. He, instead of the Englishman, might have written: "That Man is the product of causes which had no prevision of the end they were achieving; that his origin, his growth, his hopes and fears, his loves and his beliefs, are but the outcome of accidental collocations of atoms; that no fire, no heroism, no intensity of thought and feeling, can preserve an individual life beyond the grave; that all the labors of the ages, all the devotion, all the inspiration, all the noonday brightness of human genius, are destined to extinction in the vast death of the solar system, and that the whole temple of Man's achievement must inevitably be buried beneath the debris of a universe in ruins—all these things, if not quite beyond dispute, are yet so nearly certain, that no philosophy which rejects them can hope to stand. Only within the scaffolding of these truths, only on the firm foundation of unyielding despair, can the soul's habitation henceforth be safely built." Bertrand Russell, instead of the Spaniard, might have written: "Skepticism, uncertainty—the position to which reason, by practicing its analysis upon itself, upon its own validity, at last arrives—is the foundation upon which the heart's despair must build its hope. . . . Reason, however, does not actually lead us to absolute skepticism. No! Reason does not lead me and cannot lead me to doubt that I exist. Whither reason does lead me is to vital skepticism, or more properly, to vital negation—not merely to doubt, but to deny, that my consciousness survives my death. Skepticism is produced by the clash between reason and desire. And from this clash, from this embrace between despair and skepticism, is born that holy, that sweet, that saving incertitude, which is our supreme consolation." The two philosophers proceed thenceforth in opposite directions—Russell to the consideration of what man as man can know, Unamuno to the consideration of what man as man can feel—both, however, convinced that the profoundest of man's creations is Tragedy.

There is comedy in the fact that we who made God can doubt Him; there is tragedy in the fact that we must deny Him. The tragic sense of life is nothing more or less than a sense of the disparity between what we know we can be and what we can think of being, between the limitations Nature has imposed upon us and the limits of our imagination; or, as Unamuno puts it, between the necessities of reason and the necessities of life. Both reason and life are necessary, but they slay each other, and the spectacle of the double death is tragic. Thomas Hardy has the tragic sense. Euripides had it. All men and all peoples have it "who do not suffer from stupidity of intellect or stupidity of feeling." It is the beginning and the end of consciousness, which is our distinction yet our disease. Disease makes religions; disease writes books.

We begin to live, says Unamuno, as soon as we have become aware of our limitations. Men live in different ways; Unamuno lives in faith. Let it be said again that one need not be interested in faith to follow him in his flight, which is not, of course, orthodox. Sancho Panza was never deceived about Don Quixote, but Don Quixote was never dull. He was exhilarating in his madness, and so is Unamuno. He leaps from metaphor to metaphor; he writes like fire. Above all, there is none of the nonsense in him of "reconciliation" between knowledge and belief. Supremely intelligent, he never believes; religiously alive, he hopes. His book is very absurd, but it is tremendous work and fun for the mind. MARK VAN DOREN

Funeral or Triumph?

Through the Russian Revolution. By Albert Rhys Williams. Boni and Liveright. $2.

DURING those weeks following the armistice when mobs rioted in New York City at the doors of every meeting suspected of bolshevik sympathies, Mr. Albert Rhys Williams, just returned from his year in Russia, addressed a decorous middle-class pacifist gathering. Outside hundreds of doughboys hooted, cheered, bellowed "My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty," and now and then sent a beer bottle crashing through the rear windows of the hall. As the spirits of the audience sank, those of the speaker visibly rose. "Let's invite them in and talk to them," he proposed with enthusiasm, "and make them see that they have no quarrel with their comrades in Russia." The audience looked apprehensive. A distinguished radical tiptoed to the outer doors, glanced across the reassuring police barrier at the rioting patriots, and with a skeptical smile tiptoed back. Red neckties and crimson carnations, timid badges of revolutionary sympathy, were surreptitiously stuffed into pockets. Those in the back seats moved away from the windows, devoutly hoping that the police lines would hold firm. And to the accompaniment of the crashing symphony of patriotism Mr. Williams told his story of the mass uprisings of the Russian Revolution.

That confidence in the spirit of the masses, which Mr. Williams was not permitted on this occasion to put to the test—what an interesting demonstration it might have been!—still glows undimmed in the pages of his book. In the months before

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and after the bolshevik triumph he watched the great storms gather and break. He saw the human rivers flowing through Petrograd, singing, the red banners tossing on the stream; watched the people rise to the defense of their capital against Kornilov; played his part in the vast demonstrations that demanded all power for the Soviets; was swept into the Winter Palace with those storming mobs who were at first bent on sack and pillage but were presently transformed by the magic watchwords of revolutionary idealism into guardians of the property of the people; and during the bitter fight between Whites and Reds for the telephone station saw one man, Antonov, face a bloodthirsty, revengeful, triumphant mob of Reds and bring revolutionary order out of chaos.

Of all these mass demonstrations, pictured by Mr. Williams in a spirited and graphic style that will surely recapture—for all who felt them—the thrilling emotions of that stormy sunrise, two are supremely significant. One is the advance upon the parlor-cars of the trans-Siberian express of the Red convicts of Cherm: fifteen thousand outcasts, thieves, and murderers from the great penal colony, the most wretched and brutalized of all the slaves at the bottom of society; inmates of Dostoevsky's House of the Dead, armed and free at last, marching out of the mines into the light. And they came not to pillage the cars and rob and murder the terrified émigrés but to greet the American comrades they had heard were on the train. Merely a passing intoxication, said the émigrés, when they had recovered from their fright. To Mr. Williams it was "a revelation of the drive of the Revolution. Even into this sub-cellar of civilization it had penetrated—into these regions of the damned it had come like a trumpet-blast, bringing down the walls of their charnel-house. Out of it they rushed, not with bloodshot eyes, slavering mouths, and daggers drawn, but crying for truth and justice, with songs of solidarity on their lips, and on their banners the watchwords of a new world."

The other picture is that of the Red Funeral in Vladivostok. After the crushing of the Soviet in that city by the Allies seventeen thousand disarmed and leaderless working people poured forth to do honor to the longshoremen slain in the fighting. Suddenly a sailor on the hilltop pointed to the flags flying on the American battleship in the harbor and cried, "We are not alone in our grief. The Americans understand, and they are with us." The crowd did not know that the decorations were in celebration of the Fourth of July. With their banners and their wreaths they marched singing up the hill to the American consulate, and laid the coffins of their dead beneath the flag of America. "On the day the great Republic of the West celebrated its independence, the poor and disinherited of Russia came asking sympathy and understanding in the struggle for their independence." In this one brief and poignant episode is condensed all the tragedy of American failure to understand. A few weeks after this appeal American troops landed to cooperate with the Japanese crusaders for democracy.

The last section of the book, with its story of the Red Funeral, is entitled The Triumph of the Revolution. A funeral and a triumph? Here, too, Mr. Williams quietly notes that nearly all the workers and dreamers who shared these experiences with him are dead—dead of typhus, assassinated, bayoneted, clubbed to death, shot at sunrise. The very arrangement of the illustrative material of the book—proclamations, photographs, posters—points to this paradoxical triumph. At the beginning, vast enthusiastic meetings; the ringing call of the Petrograd Soviet to the people to organize their power; the inspiring Red Horseman holding aloft the flaming torch of freedom. And at the end, the horrifying typhus-bearing louse; a communist bound to the stake, awaiting the death-volley; bolshevik prisoners on the terrible Train of Death; and the appeal of the city workmen to the peasants for bread—to those peasants now perishing by millions of famine. The mood either of irony or of elegy might well be evoked by these facts and these contrasts. Mr. Williams sees in them only a challenge. He runs up the flag of his faith and salutes it, recording in a brief and terse summary of results his conviction that the Revolution emerges victorious. To those who are not yet so disillusioned that they are spiritually dead, this book must strengthen the determination, first to rescue the starving in Russia, and then to hope—"till Hope creates from its own wreck the thing it contemplates."

DOROTHY BREWSTER

The Deeper Truth

The Soul of a Child. By Edwin Björkman. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

AT a time when the representative character of the arts is being called into question and the communication of reality has a tendency to be displaced by arabesques which a month or a year will freeze into hieroglyphics, a book like Mr. Björkman's "The Soul of a Child" is as fortifying as it is delightful. That sentence sounds superficially like the pronouncements of those *laudatores temporis acti* who, in every age, magnify into eternal doctrines the accidental likes and dislikes of their own youth. But that impression is only superficial. We were, we are, upon the threshold of the great adventure—the adventure of discovering the truth about man. Art essayed this adventure as science has essayed that other adventure of discovering something concerning nature. Thus we are beginning to master nature; but we master her often to evil and destructive purposes because we still regard man and his life through the mist of myth and ritual and irrational convention. The playing of the artist with the mere eccentricities of form today is like the action of a man toying with bright pebbles on a shore when he should be building a ship to sail the waters that will otherwise engulf him.

Mr. Björkman continues upon the great adventure of discovering to us what man is really like. And since, by the central miracle of all art, the representative, the general, the symbolical value of a book, a statue, a picture is high in direct proportion to the amount of concrete reality which it holds fast, so Mr. Björkman is most elevated when he seems humblest and tells us most about the soul when he dwells upon details which yesterday would have been considered monstrous, which even today will be called in many quarters unnecessary if not disgusting. But he, coming so late in his career to creative work, has laid aside all doubt concerning the ultimate secret of such work: nothing about man and his life is unnecessary; it is for the artist to see its significance; nothing is merely disgusting; behind that which offends those who are fastidious about the wrong things, there commonly hovers all the pathos and pain and helplessness of life.

These reflections are, perhaps, neither as pedantic nor as general as they seem. It is easy enough to say of "The Soul of a Child" that it is true and interesting and admirably done. It is, after all, more fruitful to discover what are the causes for the immense satisfaction which all good judges of literature are certain to take in the book. For the story it tells is one of the utmost plainness. The people and the circumstances are as homely as possible and nothing happens that does not happen daily and yearly in every habitation of man. A couple of lower middle-class Swedes who live in Stockholm have a son whose thoughts and impressions of himself and his elders, his few playmates and his environment are chronicled during the period between his fifth and his fifteenth years in a manner that is thoroughly straightforward and unaffected and almost studiously prosaic. Mr. Björkman depends for his effectiveness upon truth and nature, upon telling the whole truth, upon showing, by implication, that the commonest subjects have not been exhausted, have, indeed, scarcely been touched. Keith Wellander is a clever and gifted child. Well, there have been many clever and gifted children in fiction. But these have, as a rule, been only abstracts of reality. And what has been omitted has been precisely what is most salient, most impor-

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tant. The picture even here is, no doubt, far from complete. We are just learning to know and to tell what we know. But Mr. Björkman's account of Keith's childhood and early adolescence adds definitely and creatively to the sum of our knowledge and understanding of life.

It will undoubtedly be said that certain portions of this narrative are tolerable because the handling is delicate. It is nothing so self-conscious; it is nothing that pays so obvious a tribute to the falsely nice. The manner is plain and earnest. It is as unconscious of false shames as a tree or a grave animal. It takes the nature of life for granted. It envisages life as it is with a natural piety, an unperturbed acceptance, a deep but cool meditativeness. The writing is a model of its kind and seems all the more admirable when we remember that Mr. Björkman learned English in his maturity and still lapses into an occasional Teutonism—"pause" for "recess," "falling through" for "failing to pass" an examination—which he must correct in the future editions which his book so well deserves.

L. L.

Professor Sabsovich

Adventures in Idealism. By Katharine Sabsovich. New York: Privately printed for the author.

THE early eighties of the last century brought to the United States the forerunners of Jewish mass immigration from Russia, driven hither by the pogroms and the Jew-baiting policy of Alexander III. The students among them brought up on the fervid idealism of Russian literature and on the democratic ideas of the Russian intelligentsia, deposited on the shores of this country, together with their scant material belongings, a spirit of social service and social truth which made many of them the leaders of Jewish life in America to this day. Among these was H. L. Sabsovich, a modest but earnest young man, whose particular faith was the conversion of Jews to agriculture. To hope and work for the conversion of a peculiarly urban nation into tillers of the soil does not sound very practical, but a number of Jews have always looked up to agriculture as the only possible solution of all their national troubles. And when Professor Sabsovich was offered the management of the first Jewish colony at Woodbine, New Jersey, by the Baron DeHirsch Fund, he accepted it with gleeful enthusiasm.

Woodbine, as might have been expected, did not solve any of the Jewish problems. Neither did it solve even the personal problems of the individual settlers. This Jewish settlement in Cape May County today is nothing but a bare monument to a gigantic but futile effort. However, it served to bring out the fine qualities of its manager, without whom, perhaps, the attempt would have never been realized. Idealist and scientist, he nursed this agricultural settlement with a persistency of a mother and the patience of a Moses. He made clearings in the thick brush and built farm houses; he erected factories and planted lawns; he founded the first Jewish agricultural school and served as the first mayor of the first Jewish incorporated borough in America; he worked and taught and fought and led, in spite of his frail health. He suffered from abuse and disappointment but never despaired. In short, he proved to be what an idealist Russian Jew is expected to be—a prophet and a worker. He died comparatively young, leaving behind him the love of his friends and coworkers, a number of whom add their sincere tribute to this volume.

As a chronicle of events this book by Mrs. Sabsovich is instructive for all who are interested in the Woodbine plan and in the life-work of her husband. It fails, however, as a character study. Mrs. Sabsovich loved her husband too deeply to see him at a distance. She looked up to him too much to see him all. A man of his energy, sense of duty, and idealism must have been interesting by himself, outside of his work, but there is very little of his other self in the book. It is the biography of a saint rather than that of a human being.

B. C. VLADECK

Panache Translated

Plays of Edmond Rostand. Translated by Henderson Daingerfield Norman. Illustrated by Ivan Glidden. The Macmillan Company. 2 vols. $10.50.

ACCORDING to Mrs. Norman, "Edmond Rostand was the poet of light, from the April starlight of 'Romantics' to the full summer sunshine of 'Chanticleer.'" Furthermore, the light he saw was nationalistic—the trilogy of "Cyrano de Bergerac," "The Eaglet," and "Chanticleer" having "a larger significance as a patriotic parable." To translate his plays into English is therefore to reveal to English readers the crystalline soul of France.

So far, so good. Nobody can dispute the moralizing tendency of Rostand's work, nor the fact that he deliberately sought to instil in his public a love of things French. His muse has a noble purity which will always prove refreshing to a weary world. More especially, he revived the Gascon "swagger" or "panache," so euphuistically described in his address to the French Academy: "Plaisanter en face du danger, c'est la suprême politesse, un délicat refus de se prendre au tragique; le panache est alors la pudeur de l'héroïsme, comme un sourire par lequel on s'excuse d'être sublime." "The Princess Far Away" is a favorite Crusaders' legend; "Cyrano de Bergerac," though false to the historical Cyrano, a revival of the romanesque age of Richelieu; "The Eaglet," the martyrdom of the Napoleonic idea; and "Chanticleer" is the New France, awakening from the depressing "naturalism" of the nineteenth century. Even the war had for Rostand the keynote of heroic idealism:

"Qu'un peuple d'hier
Meure pour demain,
C'est à rendre fier
Tout le genre humain."

I know of no lines which express more succinctly the "panache" of that supreme struggle. Thus Rostand is preeminently a poet of sentiment. He has fancy rather than imagination; delicacy and charm rather than passion. He belongs to that great band of lesser French geniuses, such as Charles d'Orléans, Du Bellay, Voiture, and, among the moderns, Banville, Coppée, and Régnier—the poets of a silver rather than a golden Latinity. For him sunlight and shadow flit across the earth's rough surface, and the playful, optimistic mood of the poet is admirably attuned to express them.

On the other hand, what Rostand lacks in originality and depth of thought he possesses in brilliancy and mastery of style. Except for Cyrano, he can scarcely be said to have created a real character; but he can spin a dramatic situation out of a mere physical or moral detail, he can lift his audiences out of themselves by a succession of scintillating images, and in one respect his style is a continuous creation—namely, in the "cliquetis des mots" or the humorous portrayal of moods through the mere clash and jingle of words. "Rostand," said Catulle Mendès, "est prodigeusement virtuose." This fact alone is a challenge to anyone endeavoring to translate his works; and be it said at once Mrs. Norman is quite aware of the difficulty of her task.

How then does she succeed? At the outset one may question the particular value of an English translation of Rostand's evident failure, "La Samaritaine," or even of "La Princesse lointaine," with its sublimated and but slightly dramatic character, which the Divine Sarah fought so valiantly to redeem. Thus Mrs. Norman might preferably have renounced her desire to be "complete" and confined herself to the four plays on which Rostand's fame rests. As for the translations themselves, Mrs. Norman is confronted with the obvious difficulty of finding English equivalents for the clear and sonorous French vowels. Aside from the fact that *vasques* are not "vases" but "basins," the following lines from "The Princess Far Away,"

"Reason sleeps in tinkle sempiternal,
In the tinkle sempiternal of the water in the vases,"

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are leagues from attaining the somnolent effect of Rostand's:

"Et ma raison s'endort au bruit sempiternel,
Au bruit sempiternel des jets d'eau dans les vasques."

So, too, "Chanticleer" illustrates in particular how foreign to English is the "cliquetis" I mentioned as characteristic of Rostand's humor. Take a single instance: the purposeful clash of sounds is much weakened when Mrs. Norman translates

"Je pense que tout ça c'est des coqs fabriqués
Par des négociants aux cerveaux compliqués
Qui, pour élucubrer un poulet ridicule,
A l'un prennent une aile, à l'autre un caroncule"

as

"I think that these are fabricated cocks,
Made by a merchant wanting fancy stocks,
Who to elucubrate a useless thing,
Took here a caruncle and there a wing."

But it would be captious to ask the impossible, and in general these translations have both sparkle and distinction.

Where Mrs. Norman succeeds best in rendering her poet is, however, in the longer lyric passages of "Cyrano" and "Chanticleer." Choosing, as she does, the English heroic couplet (with its five stresses and run-on line) as an equivalent of the French Alexandrine, she manages to give to these longer passages much of the flow, the grace, and the élan of the original. An excellent example is the following from the Cock's famous dialogue with the doubting Pheasant:

"When the sun waits, below the darkened skies,
Then thrilling as the leaves and branches thrill,
Tremblings and throbbings all my being fill.
I feel that I am needed and was born
To be a trumpet and a curving horn.
As sounding conch-shells speak with Ocean's voice,
I am the Voice of Earth. And I rejoice
To be not bird, not cock—only a mighty cry,
The cry of earth, uplifted to the sky."

This is less literal than Professor Grandgent's rendering of the same passage (in "Kittredge Anniversary Papers," p. 69), but it is better rhetoric. Or let the reader contrast the following effusion of Cyrano's, in its English rendering:

"Yes, with my poor big devil of a nose,
I breathe Spring's magic. 'Neath a silver ray
I watch a lover and a maiden stray;
I dream, even I, of walking 'neath that beam,
Loving, beloved, scarce moving, as I dream
My soul expands, exults—but soars to fall,
I see my profile shadowed on the wall,"

with the French original:

"Avec mon pauvre grand diable de nez, je hume
L'avril—je suis des yeux, sous un rayon d'argent,
Au bras d'un cavalier, quelque femme, en songeant
Que pour marcher, à petits pas, dans de la lune,
Aussi moi j'aimerais au bras en avoir une,
Je m'exalte, j'oublie . . . et j'aperçois soudain
L'ombre de mon profil sur le mur du jardin."

Here, certainly, Mrs. Norman does justice to her sources; she has caught not only their spirit but also their essential form, and in the second passage cited her rendering has some advantages over the French.

In short, as translations go these plays of Rostand are decidedly above the average. One may doubt their value as "acting" dramas. The English dialogue is frequently halting, the important word is not always emphasized, and again the departure from the French is perhaps most marked where the translator is least to blame—as when Cyrano's famous *mot:*

"Moi, c'est moralement que j'ai mes élégances"

reappears as:

"Sir, it is on my soul I wear my graces."

But let us not forget that even in French "Cyrano de Bergerac" and "Les Romanesques" were Rostand's only successful stage plays, and, further, that it is the reader of poetry much more than the theater-going public that Mrs. Norman is addressing. The former will find in her two volumes much to gratify his love of beauty. The more is it to be regretted that the five full-page illustrations in these volumes are of the milk-and-water type.

WM. A. NITZE

Notable New Books

Frederick Locker-Lampson. By Augustine Birrell. Scribner. $8.
A delightful sketch, by Locker-Lampson's son-in-law, of a man who was a charming poet, a masterly collector of books, an excellent friend and father. With Mr. Birrell's sketch are printed descriptions of Locker-Lampson's most precious books and a number of remarkable letters to him from remarkable men and women.

The Copy-Cats. By Lucretia P. Burr. Yale. $1.50.
Those odd human by-products of a stern religion, a harsh climate, and a rigorous industrial life that survive in New England villages are the substance of this group of short stories into the telling of which have gone appreciation and sympathy.

Selected Articles on the Negro Problem. Compiled by Julia E. Johnsen. H. W. Wilson. $2.25.
An excellent reference book, giving selections from the writings of both white and colored authors and arguments both favorable and antagonistic to the Negro. Unusually good judgment has been used by the compiler in selecting these opinions, and the result is a well-balanced symposium.

The History of Public Poor Relief in Massachusetts, 1620-1920. By Robert W. Kelso. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.
A concise and interesting account of the general subject of public poor relief in a single State, and a special consideration of such questions as child placing, the law of legal settlement, and the mothers' aid law.

The Le Gallienne Book of English Verse. Edited with an Introduction by Richard Le Gallienne. Boni and Liveright. $3.50.
A good, conventional anthology, covering about the same ground as the Oxford Book of English Verse but extending well into the group of George-the-Fifthians.

League of the Ho-dé-no-sau-nee or Iroquois. By Lewis H. Morgan. Dodd, Mead. $7.50.
A handsome reprint of H. M. Lloyd's edition (1901) of a book which remains, after seventy years since its original appearance, among the most valuable books ever written about an Indian tribe and a classic of anthropology.

Modern Men and Mummers. By Hesketh Pearson. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.
Gossip about modern British notabilities, chiefly writers and artists in general, rather after the manner of The Gentleman with the Duster.

Etruscan Tomb Paintings. By Frederik Poulsen. Oxford.
A technical monograph which is a model of its kind, both as regards its illustrations and its comments.

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Drama

Harvest II

TO survey the foreign plays of the passing season makes it clearer than ever that that season was, for us, at least, an American one. No British or Continental play by any new talent, save only one, had the fresh contact with reality, irrespective of mood or method, to be found in "Ambush," "The Verge," "The Hairy Ape," or even in the semi-satirical comedies of Kaufman and Connely. All these plays enlarged the territory of experience; all, therefore, in however humble a fashion, met that ultimate test of all art which is implicit in Spinoza's saying: "The more we understand particular things, the more do we understand God."

The French plays of the season were many and all but two wholly without importance. To anyone in contact with the French drama of the day this is no matter for surprise. These "Kikis" and "French Dolls" and "Rubicons" and "Goldfishes" come of a school of dramaturgy that, in its day, had freshness, power, reality. But those qualities have long faded; observation itself has become dulled through literary example and falsified through the pull of the international play market. Henry Bataille is the French dramatic hero of the day; distinguished critics adulate this astute but conventional and slightly rancid writer and his well-made but commonplace "La Possession" called forth the plaudits of the Paris press. "Facture magistrale," said Brisson. Until the French drama breaks with the rigid and stagnant methods which that phrase implies little is to be hoped for. Two French plays of our season escaped them: Brieux's "Mme. Pierre" and Charles Vildrac's "The Steamship Tenacity." The first was written before the contemporary French drama had lost its contact with the earth and is the work of a very potent if undiscriminating mind; the second proceeds from that group once called "unanimiste" —Romains, Vildrac, Duhamel—which holds the only visible promise of a literature still great but great almost wholly by virtue of its great old men. It is a severe criticism of our public that it would have none of "The Steamship Tenacity" which was offered it in a production delicate as silk and firm as steel. One is tempted to quote in this connection Arnold Bennett's telling jibe. The public did not like "The Steamship Tenacity" for three reasons: it has originality, it has truth, it has beauty.

The British drama was a thing of splendor. We had magnificent productions of "Back to Methuselah" and of Granville Barker's "The Madras House," and satisfactory ones of "Candida" and of Galsworthy's "The Pigeon"; we had Somerset Maugham's "The Circle." But these, we must observe, are still the resounding names of the early century. Where is the younger generation that is to carry on the theater of Shaw and Galsworthy, even of Barker and Maugham? A good many people will nominate A. A. Milne as the hope of the British drama. I cannot share that opinion. In "The Great Broxopp," "The Dover Road," "The Truth About Blayds" we have touches of Arnold Bennett, splashes of Oscar Wilde, cascades of J. M. Barrie; we have a little semi-realism, a little more artificial wit, and a great deal of thin syrup. In a recent parody of the Barrie-Milne drama an old gentleman was represented shaking a long yet, somehow, child-like beard and remarking: "Oh, I am a very whimsical old gentleman! Observe, pray, what a whimsical old gentleman I am!" The comic invention in that parody brought out with deadly and beautiful precision the element in Mr. Milne's plays that will make them seem increasingly insufferable to many minds. The only other British play by a newcomer was Clemence Dane's "A Bill of Divorcement." This piece had much of both truth and energy in its development but the foundations were artificial and feeble. Nor, despite its often magnificent verse, can I see much dramatic promise in Clemence Dane's "Will Shakespeare." The author of "Legend" will develop such promise when she realizes that intrigue—the artificial rearrangement of reality for the sake of technical effectiveness—has no more place in the drama than in any other art.

Of Continental plays outside of the French little need be said. "He Who Gets Slapped," an agreeable but by no means first-rate work, succeeded by virtue of an exquisite production; Schönherr's "Children's Tragedy," an austere and beautiful play, failed on account of an abominable one. The failure of "The Deluge," a notably spare and fascinating drama, must be set down to the same perversity in our audiences which was responsible for that of "The Steamship Tenacity." It only remains to add that the present as well as the future of our theater is still, as it has been for some time, firmly in the hands of the Provincetown Players, the Neighborhood Playhouse, Mr. Arthur Hopkins, and the Theater Guild.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

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International Relations Section

The Allied Experts on Russia

THE report on Russia of the Allied financial experts prepared for the Genoa Conference was summarized in the press of the United States. The full text of the more important sections was printed in the London *Times* on April 15.

CHAPTER I

ARTICLE 1. The Russian Soviet Government shall accept the financial obligations of its predecessors, viz., the Imperial Russian Government and the Russian Provisional Government, toward foreign Powers and their nationals.

ART. 2. The Russian Soviet Government shall recognize the financial engagements entered into before this date by all authorities in Russia, provincial or local, or by public utility undertakings in Russia, with other Powers or their nationals, and shall guarantee the fulfilment thereof.

ART. 3. The Russian Soviet Government shall undertake liability for all actual and direct losses, whether arising out of breach of contract or otherwise, suffered by nationals of other Powers, due to the action or negligence of the Soviet Government or its predecessors or of any provincial or local authorities, or of an agent of any such government or authority.

ART. 4. The liabilities under the preceding articles will be determined by a "Russian Debt Commission" and by "Mixed Arbitral Tribunals" to be set up. A scheme for the establishment of these bodies is contained in Annexes I and II. They shall determine the amount and method of payment to be made, whether by way of compensation or otherwise as laid down in Annexes I-III.

ART. 5. All inter-governmental debts, liabilities, and obligations of every sort which arose between the Russian Government on the one hand and a foreign government on the other hand after August 1, 1914, shall be considered to be completely discharged by the payment of the net sums laid down in a schedule to be agreed.

ART. 6. Without prejudice to the provisions of Article 116 of the Treaty of Versailles, the net sums fixed under Article 5 shall take into account all claims by Russian nationals for loss or damage arising directly from hostile military or naval operations, or from other operations of a similar nature and any other claims specified at the time of the adoption of the schedule referred to in Article 5.

ART. 7. Balances standing to the credit of a former Russian government in any bank situate in a country the government of which made advances to a former Russian government between August 1, 1914, and November 7, 1917, shall be transferred to the government which made the advances, and the liability of the Russian Soviet Government in respect of the advances shall be *pro tanto* reduced. . . .

ANNEX I

Russian Debt Commission

1. A Russian Debt Commission shall be established consisting of members nominated by the Russian Government and members nominated by the other Powers, together with an independent chairman chosen from outside by agreement among the other members, or, in default, named by the League of Nations, either through the Council or through the Permanent Court of International Justice.

2. The Commission will have the following functions:

(*a*) To constitute and prescribe the procedure of the Mixed Arbitral Tribunals, to be set up in accordance with the provisions of Annex II, and to issue such instructions as may be necessary in order to secure uniformity in their proceedings.

(*b*) To issue new Russian bonds in accordance with the provisions of Annex II to persons entitled thereto, under awards of the Mixed Arbitral Tribunals, to holders of existing state bonds and other bonds and stock for which the new Russian bonds are to be given in exchange, and to persons entitled thereto in respect of funded interest and repayment of capital. The rate of interest adopted for the purpose of calculating the present value of claims shall be the same as that prescribed under Annex III, paragraph 2.

(*c*) To determine all questions arising out of the issue, rates of interest, and terms of redemption of the new Russian bonds referred to in paragraph (*b*).

ANNEX II

Determination of Claims

1. The liabilities of the Russian Government under Articles 1 to 3 shall be assessed in accordance with the following principles:

2. The responsibility for claims provided for in Article 3 shall be determined by the Mixed Arbitral Tribunals in accordance with the provisions of this report, and, in default, with the general principles of international law.

3. Russian government bonds in foreign currencies will be revived with all the conditions of the contract, but interest and repayment of capital due from the date when payments ceased until [November 1, 1927] will be funded.

4. Provincial, municipal, railway, or public utility bonds in foreign currencies will be revived with all the conditions of the contract, but interest and repayment of capital due from the date when payment ceased until [November 1, 1927] will be funded. All such bonds shall be guaranteed by the Soviet Government whether guaranteed by any former government of Russia or not.

5. Russian government ruble loans or provincial, municipal, railway, or public utility bonds issued in rubles will, if proved to have been continuously in foreign ownership since the date of repudiation by the Russian Government, be exchangeable into new Russian bonds.

The present value of the obligations in respect of capital and interest embodied in the original bond, in so far as they have not been fulfilled, shall first be calculated in rubles, and then converted into the foreign currency at the rate determined in paragraph 16. The present value of the new bond should be equal to the present value in foreign currency of the original bond, interest being calculated at the rate to be prescribed under the provisions of Annex III, 2.

6. New Russian bonds will be issued in respect of funded interest and capital due for repayment between the date when payment ceased and [November 1, 1927].

7. Claims not provided for under paragraphs 3 to 5 of this annex in respect of injury to property, rights, and interests shall, subject to any agreements between the Soviet Government and such of the other Powers as may be concerned, be dealt with on the following principles:

Claimants will be entitled to demand the return of the property, rights, and interests.

If the property, rights, or interests are still in existence and capable of identification they will be returned and compensation for their use or for injury thereto during the disposition will, in default of agreement between the Soviet Government and the private party concerned, be settled by the Mixed Arbitral Tribunals. Agreements for concessions in relation to public utility undertakings shall be modified so as to be brought into harmony with present economic conditions, for example, as regards charges, duration of concessions, and conditions of operation.

If the property, rights, and interests are not still in existence or cannot be identified, or the claimant does not desire their return, the claim may, by agreement between the Soviet Government and the private party concerned, be satisfied either by the grant of similar property, rights, or interests, coupled with compensation to be agreed, or, failing agreement, to be fixed by

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the Mixed Arbitral Tribunals, or by other agreed settlement.

In all other cases claimants shall be entitled to compensation on a monetary basis, to be fixed by the Mixed Arbitral Tribunals.

8. The tribunal, in assessing compensation, shall take account primarily of the actual value in rubles of the property, rights, or interests at November 1, 1917, but may make allowance for any temporary and special circumstances which may at that time have materially affected the value.

9. Where a debtor is entitled, or, if he had been a national of one of the other Powers, would have been entitled, to claim compensation under Chapter I, the creditor may (whether the debtor has claimed compensation or not) make a direct claim against the Soviet Government in respect of the loss arising from his unpaid debt instead of against the debtor.

Any property restored in accordance with paragraph 7 shall be subject to any charges or obligations attaching thereto upon November 1, 1917, without prejudice to the rights of creditors to make a direct claim against the Soviet Government.

10. Any liability met by the Soviet Government under the preceding paragraph will be set off against the compensation payable to the debtor; but if the Soviet Government has already paid the compensation to the debtor, it may recover from the debtor the amount paid to the creditor, but the liability of the former may be discharged in new Russian bonds.

11. Russian financial, industrial, and commercial companies, which on November 1, 1917, were controlled by nationals of other Powers, or in which at the same date such nationals possessed a substantial interest, shall, if the majority of the foreign interests (shareholders and bondholders) so desire, be covered by the term "nationals of other Powers" wherever used in Chapter I and the annexes.

12. In cases in which a claim is not made under the preceding paragraph or other provision of this chapter or its annexes any national of the other Powers who is a shareholder in any Russian company whatever may claim compensation in accordance with Article 3 for the injury done to his holding in the company.

13. Claims, excluding those referred to in paragraphs 3-5 above, but including claims for monetary compensation arising from death or personal injury, shall be referred by the commission for adjudication and assessment on a monetary basis as promptly as possible by Mixed Arbitral Tribunals.

14. All claims shall be registered with the Russian Debt Commission, and options shall be exercised within one year from the establishment of the commission or such longer period as may be permitted by the commission for particular cases or classes of cases. The Russian Soviet Government shall not be liable in respect of any claim not registered in the prescribed period.

15. No claim shall be recognized in respect of rights which had ceased legally to exist before March, 1917.

16. The rates of conversion between paper rubles and the various foreign currencies will be fixed by the Russian Debt Commission at the time of issuing the new Russian bonds. For this purpose the commission will first ascertain the average gold value of the ruble in October, 1917, and will then calculate the equivalent of that gold value in each of the foreign currencies at the time of the issue of the bonds.

17. Interest at the rate prescribed under paragraph 2 of Annex III shall accrue as from November 1, 1917, on all amounts awarded by the tribunal.

Annex III

New Russian Bonds

1. All accepted claims for monetary compensation against the Russian Soviet Government will be met by the issue of new Russian bonds up to the amounts fixed by the Mixed Arbitral Tribunals. The terms of issue of the bonds, together with all questions arising out of the conversion of existing bonds, and out of the new issues, will be determined by the Russian Debt Commission.

2. The bonds shall carry a rate of interest to be determined by the Russian Debt Commission. They shall be free both as to interest and capital from all Russian taxation, both present and future, and shall be subject to redemption by annual drawings.

3. In general the bonds will be expressed in the currency of the holder's country. Nevertheless the Debt Commission may allow him, if he so requests, to take bonds in the currencies of certain specified countries.

4. In order to determine the value of the bonds for any payment under these provisions the bonds shall be discounted at the rate of interest prescribed under paragraph 2 above.

6. Interest shall be funded, and the Russian Soviet Government shall not be required to redeem any bonds until [November 1, 1927]. It shall be within the competence of the Debt Commission to issue bonds of a special series in respect of funded interest. Any such interest bonds shall carry the same rights and be in all respects the same as the new Russian bonds, except for a preferential right for redemption during the moratorium period if any redemption be then possible. . . .

Russian Counter-Claims

THE counter-claims of the Russians at Genoa have so far been only hinted at. The representatives of the Allied Powers are not anxious to have these claims for damages suffered by Russia as a result of Allied intervention brought up before the Conference. Although the Russian delegates have not pressed the demands, feeling runs high in Russia in favor of presenting their claims before the world. This feeling has been manifested in numerous resolutions adopted by meetings and conferences of workers, peasants, red army units. Similar resolutions have also been adopted by Jews who, in the Ukraine and White Russia, have suffered considerably more than material destruction. Documentary material concerning the Russian claims was printed in the Moscow *Izvestia* of April 12. In the briefest possible form we print below summaries of the Russian estimates of the damages for which compensation is demanded.

First among the regions of the RSFSR which had suffered during the period of civil war and allied intervention is the Ukraine. The general destruction suffered by the Ukraine has absolutely undermined the material and economic welfare of this country, once the richest in Europe. This destruction can never be repaid. Some idea of the general destruction suffered by the Ukraine may be formed from an enumeration of a few facts.

"Blown up by the Poles: (1) The famous chain bridge over the Dnieper at Kiev, 1,080 feet long. The system of chains on which the bridge was suspended made it possible to raise it during floods. (2) The railway bridge over the Dnieper at Kiev, 1 verst (3,500 feet) in length. . . ."

The list contains 13 more bridges, among these one about two miles long, over the Dnieper at Kanev, all blown up by the Poles in the province of Kiev alone.

Other material damage (destroyed buildings, rolling stock, telegraph and telephone apparatus carried away by Denikin, Petlura, and the Poles) suffered by the southwest railways in the province of Kiev total 45,923,574 rubles, according to prewar prices.

The water transport on the Dnieper suffered even more. "The Dnieper at Kiev presents a picture of an enormous graveyard where rests the once beautiful Dnieper fleet, now sunk by French proteges of all shades . . . Here are the figures: (1) There were sunk 32 freight and passenger steamers with a total tonnage of 1,640,000 poods. (2) twenty-two freighters with a total tonnage of 807,600 poods. (3) Eight steam cutters. (4) 1,477 different smaller boats with a total tonnage of 21,000,000 poods," etc.

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The sugar industry was completely shattered. Before the war the sugar industry in the Ukraine yielded 100,000,000 poods of finished products. In 1921 the yield was only 3,000,000 poods. At the factories which have been burned and destroyed by the Poles, the value of the sugar seized is placed at 30,215,716 rubles, according to pre-war prices. There were, in addition, machines destroyed or seized totaling 70,000,000 rubles ($37,000,000).

Gold, cash, and valuables taken out of the Kiev bank and exported: By Denikin—79,000,000 rubles; by Petlura—59,000,000 rubles; destroyed—8,453,000 rubles.

The list of lesser damages contains almost innumerable items.

The story of the Jewish pogroms in the Ukraine is not so much a matter of financial claims for reparation. It is more in the nature of an indictment against Western civilization, which directly or indirectly must bear the responsibility for the unparalleled brutality and the atrocities committed against the Jewish population of the Ukraine.

"In the province of Kiev alone pogroms occurred in 300 localities where the Jewish population was massacred. The direct victims of these pogroms were 200,000 persons, mostly old men, children, and women. Some towns have been subjected to as many as twenty pogroms. The number of pogroms in the province exceeds 1,000. These figures are taken from documentary evidence registered by the office of the Jewish Public Committee at Kiev. There are towns which were completely wiped out. Here are carefully verified figures concerning fifty localities investigated by the Jewish Public Committee. The number of killed was 37,570; there were 3,344 houses destroyed, 1,221 stores, 96 factories, 754 workshops. . . .

The number of those who suffered from the pogroms in the four provinces (Kiev, Podolia, Volhynia, and Chernigov) is over 500,000. Of these more than 200,000 were killed, burned, and buried alive. The number of raped women registered is 30,000. About 300,000 refugees died of epidemic diseases. . . .

The story of Siberia is the story of the drives and retreats of the Czecho-Slovaks and of Kolchak, and the bandit activities of Semionov and other leaders who enjoyed the fullest support of the Japanese. Following are a few extracts from the materials concerning Siberia:

"The retreating Kolchak forces blew up and destroyed 167 big bridges. . . . They destroyed a number of railway stations . . . and railway structures . . . According to a general survey made immediately after the fall of Kolchak, it appears that during the year of reaction in Siberia 20,000 structures were burned, 56,000 peasant economies destroyed, and 40,000 heads of cattle carried away. This does not include the property looted by the Japanese, who according to evidence did not refrain even from 'petty thefts.' The Japanese seized the Russian ships Chita, Nerchinsk, Amur, Hingan, Genia, Hussimi, Sungqri, Onon, etc.

"In Novo Nikolaievsk the Japanese troops stole the cash and property belonging to the government institutions. At the station Uglovaya a Japanese detachment seized the mail bags with 1,111,500 rubles in gold and a money case with 25,000 rubles. The Japanese always aided Semionov in seizing shipments of gold which were on their way abroad, because they knew that from his hands the gold would reach Japan."

The story of the Russian gold fund seized by Kolchak in Kazan is also told in detail. There were 30,563 poods of gold comprising the sum of 651,623,117 rubles (some 350,000,000 dollars); 19,520 poods of the fund have been recovered by the Soviet troops. The rest was shipped abroad, as is shown by copies of official shipment statements. The greatest part of the seized gold was shipped to Japan.

The other claims of the Russian delegation concern destruction caused in Yaroslav, Georgia, the Caucasus, the Volga region, the Southeast, the Northern provinces (Archangel and Murmansk), the Crimea, Azerbeijan, Armenia, and other places—a list too comprehensive to be reduced to the limits of a single document.

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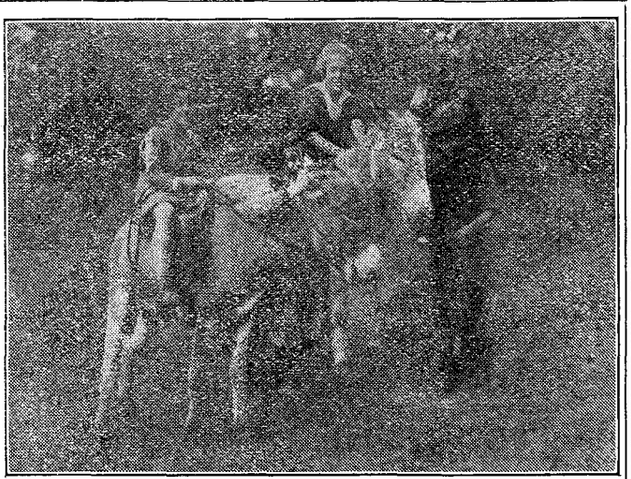

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